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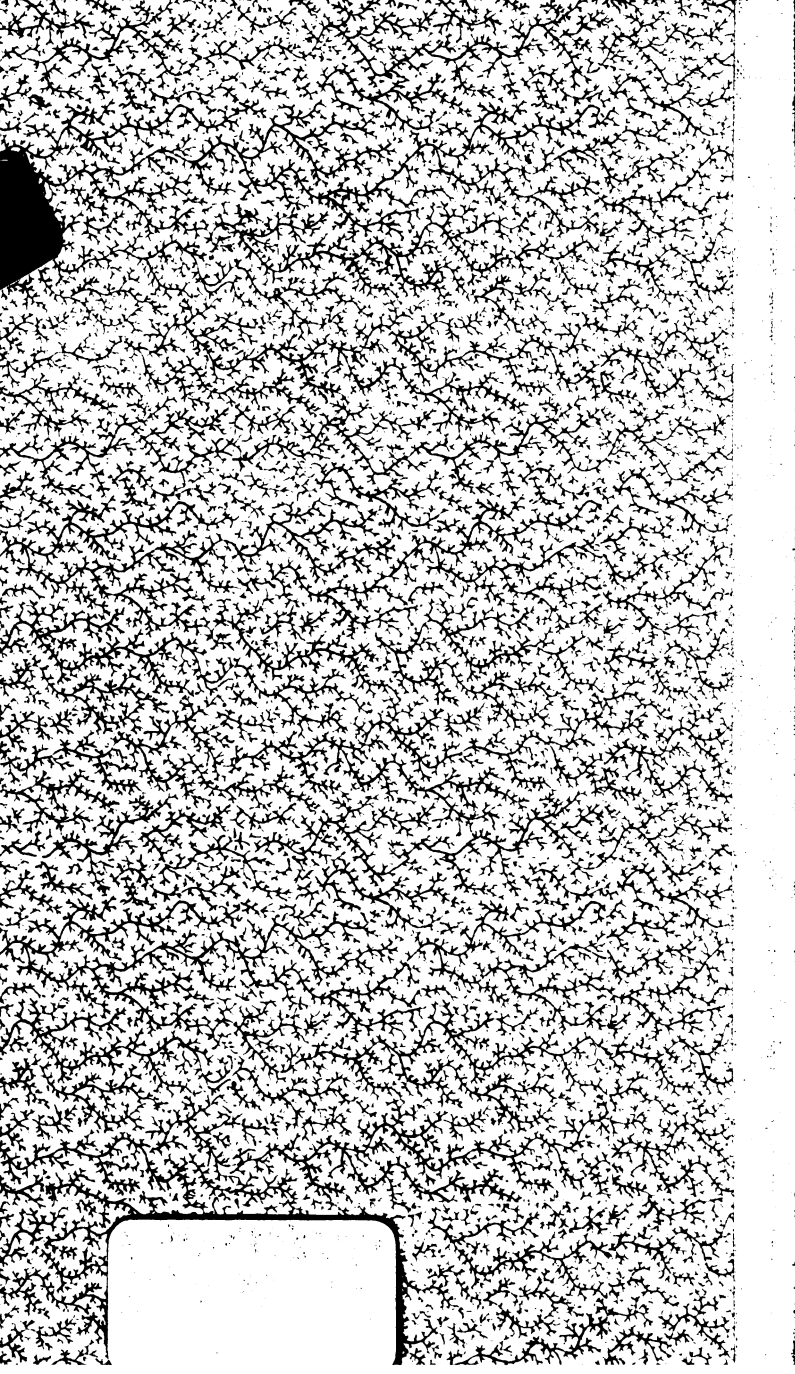
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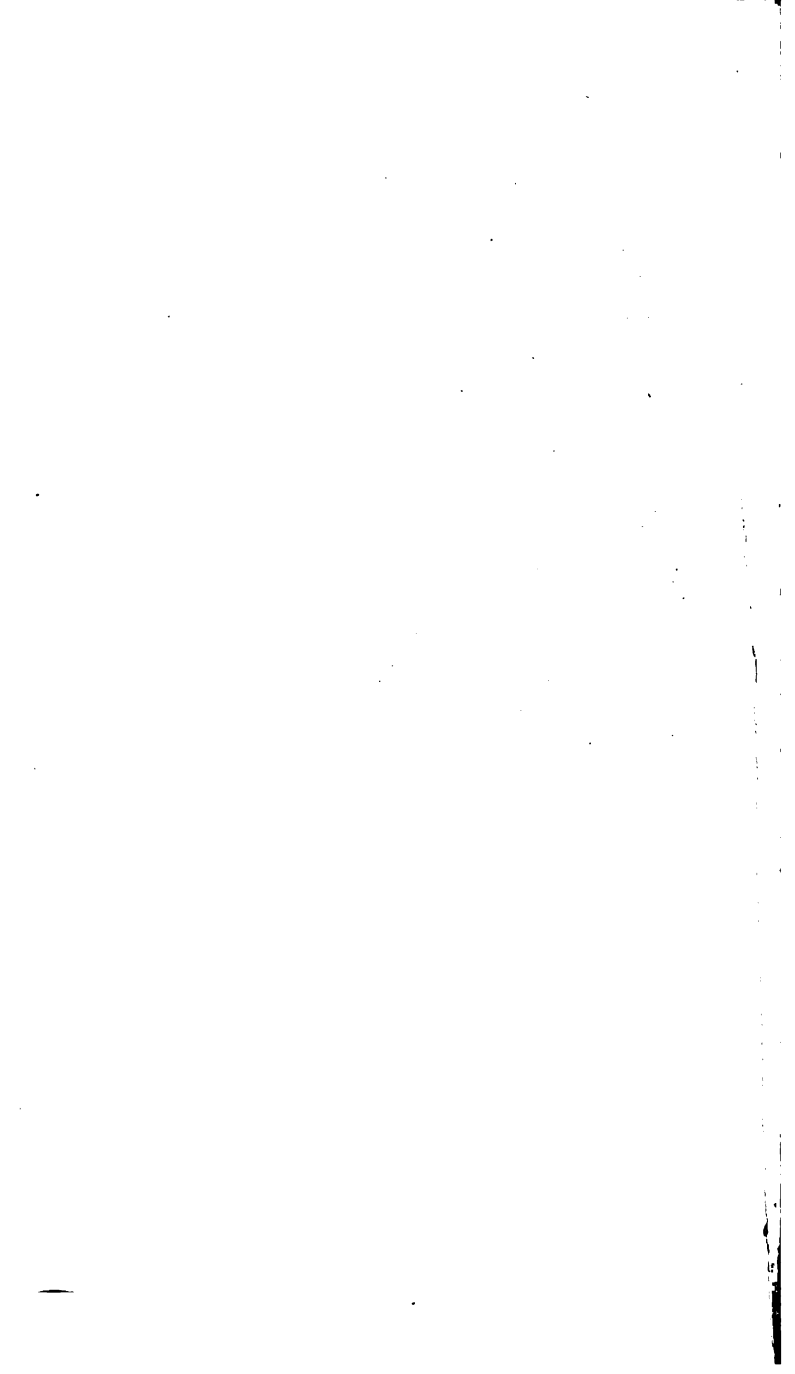
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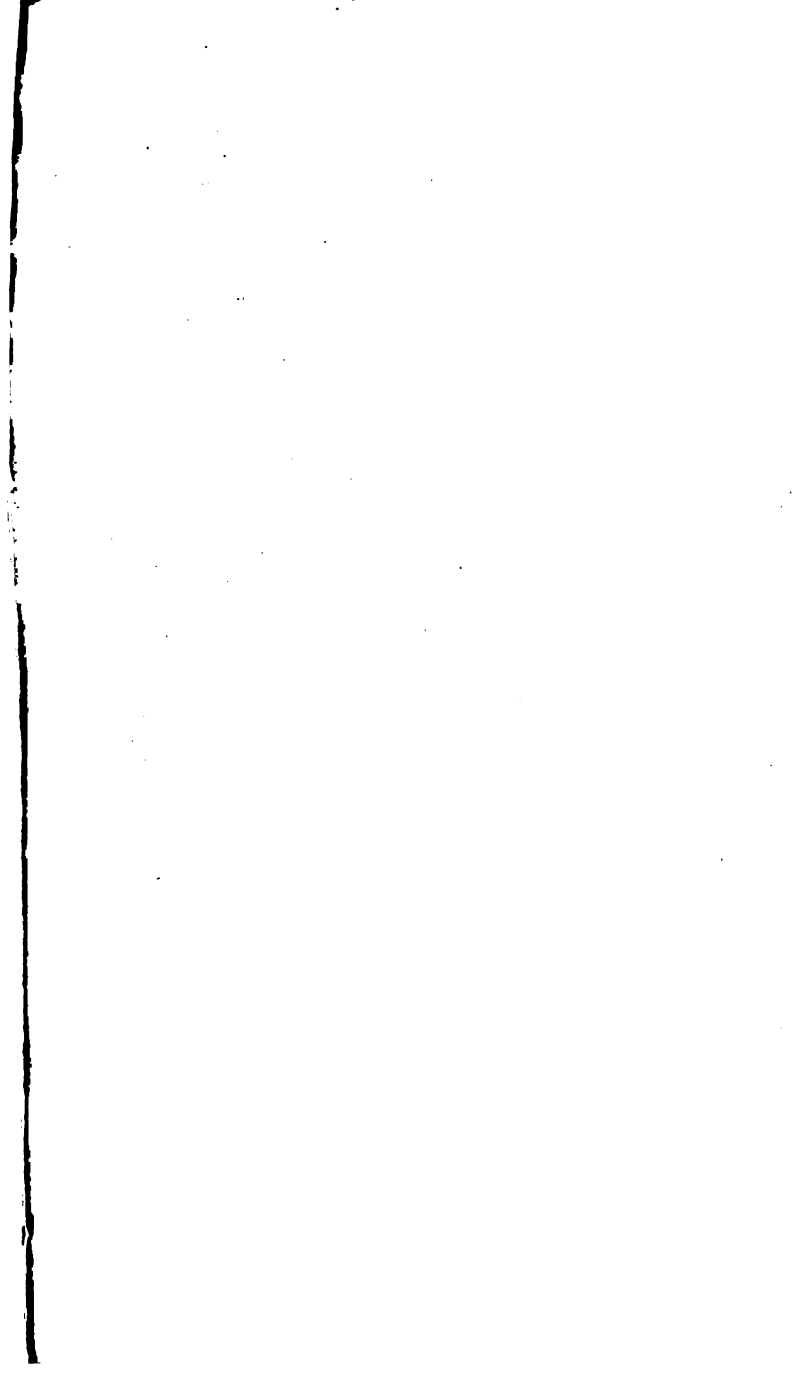


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POEMS AND SONGS.

BY

JOHN IMLAH.

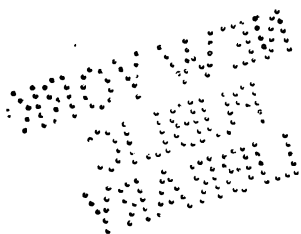


LONDON:

HUGH CUNNINGHAM, 1, ST. MARTIN'S PLACE,
TRAFALGAR SQUARE.

1841.

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ERRATA.

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6	6	for	was fa'en <i>read</i> has fa'en
16	7	"	Well hath the Bard of Avon wrote, <i>read</i> 'Twas well the Bard of Avon wrote
20	5	"	spare or speech <i>read</i> spare o' speech
22	5	"	ceased <i>read</i> caused
29	11	"	be light <i>read</i> be the light
69	3	"	willowly <i>read</i> willowy
80	last	"	pain <i>read</i> pain'd
87	7	"	net <i>read</i> not
112	13	"	why <i>read</i> wha
143	12	"	To <i>read</i> So
247	4	"	walk <i>read</i> walk'd
"	14	"	trod to <i>read</i> trod in
251	15	"	we <i>read</i> wi'

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MY AIN COUNTRIE.



O! my heart is at hame in my ain countrie,
It hath ever been—it will ever be
Where Albyn's Alps in hundreds rise,
Climb thro' the clouds to scale the skies!
There tho' black be the winter's sullen scowl,
And loud the wroth storm's maniac howl,
Yet dear to my heart and fair to my e'e
Are the hills and glens o' my ain countrie!

For monie a soft scene blooms below
O' broomie knock and whinnie knowe,
O' thymy bank and mossy seat,
Where blue-bells blaw sae wild and sweet,
And the haw-tree scents the gloamin' gale,
List'ning to lovers' troth and tale;
And the birken shaw and the tall pine tree
On the banks and the braes o' my ain countrie.

The fox-glove flowers by the cairnie dyke,
And the fog-turf hides the wild bee's byke,
Where reevin' youth oft search'd of yore
To herry the hidden hinney store,
Or hunted each bush on the heather brae,
To gather the dimpled berries blae,
Or hied to the hazel's tempting tree
Mid the wild-grown woods o' my ain countrie.

When the winter winds blaw sharp and shrill,
And the snaw is deep o'er moor and hill,
When the burn is bound wi' fetters o' frost,
And the woods bare branches tempest-tost,
When thick and fast the feathery drift
Comes whirlin' down frae the angry lift,
O! then are the nights o' mirth and glee
By the ingle neuks o' my ain countrie!

O! I wish I were in my ain countrie,
On the haughs o' Don or the hills o' Dee,
Where sweet as the love-lorn nightingale,
That charms the eve on the southern vale,
The cushie do'e at the gloamin' croods,
To the echo o' the wildering woods
And the laverock wauks the morn wi' glee,
O'er the clover fields o' my ain countrie.

How stirs my heart on a foriegn strand
To the ancient strains o' my native land !
How fires my soul at the pealing tone [drone !
Of the highland pipe wi' the deep-voiced
Tho' they carry me back to other years,
And turn my heart to a well o' tears,
Yet in melting grief, or in madd'ning glee,
Awake the strains o' my ain countrie !

In frequent dreams o' former days,
On the scenes o' youth I fondly gaze,
On the wings o' thought I oft return
To the gowanie glen and the bickerin' burn,
To the heughs that hang o'er the loch and linn,
To the heath-roof'd hames o' my kith and kin,
O ! had I the wings of a dove to flee,
And be at rest in my ain countrie !

Mid the scenes o' youth, wild, fair, and sweet,
Fain—fain would I stay my wandering feet,
The clime where I drew life's earliest breath,
'Tis there I would gasp its last in death ;
In the green kirk-yard by the grey head-stanes
Be lowly laid my weary banes ;
I will hope this hap tho' it ne'er may be
To sleep neath the sod o' my ain countrie !

Land o' the North ! my ain countrie,
My lay will be oft o' thine and thee,
And wake I ween but little skill :
Would it were worthier o' the will,
For what richer story—richer strand
For the poet's harp or the painter's hand,
Than thine in the clasp o' the circling sea
Land o' the North, my ain countrie !

Yet ne'er may my weak hands add a stone
To prop thy cairn, if not thy own,
Nor vainly—vilely seek to raise
In vaunting verse the pile of praise,
That would an envious shade expand
O'er the fair fame of other land :
But worthy the truth and my love for thee
Land o' the North, my ain countrie.

DRUMNAGARROW.



To be a bard it disna follow
In trio, duet, or in solo,
That I maun pipe to please Apollo,
His bow and arrows,
I'll roose the bow that beats his hollow,
That's Drumnagarrow's.

The bow that bids the catgut chords
Speak far mair eloquent than words,
When lads and lasses bend the boards
O' ha' or laft,
That even ladies wi' their lords
Gars dance like daft.

O! Drumnagarrow, how few now
 Like thee can draw the bold lang bow,
 To warm the breast and weet the brow
 Wi' madd'ning glee :
 The mantle o' the mighty Gow
 Was fa'en on thee.

Last ouk I heard you scrape at Shene,(1)
 Where gladdened ears and glancing e'en,
 And pechin' breath, tauld, weel I ween,
 Frae a' afore ye,
 Thou'rt Orpheus o' Aberdeen,
 Glenbickit's glory !

The "Braes o' Mar" prime can ye play,
 And "Lady Mary Ramsay's" lay
 But, when the order o' the day
 Is Tulloch's lilt,
 Then feet and fingers, heugh ! and hey !
 Will answer till't.

Why need I mention those or these,
 Thou hast the soul and elbow-grease
 To play, wi' earnest vir and ease,
 The hale collection
 O' Neil and ithers' too, and please
 A' to perfection.

In brogue or boot, for spring-heeled pump,
Thou madest the rustic dancers jump,
Till I was fley'd ilk ither thump
 That shook the biggin
Wad bring the house down in a lump,
 Floor, wa's and riggin.

Music, 'tis said, can rive the rock,
And rend the trunk o' gnarl'd oak!
This will I say, and nae in joke,
 A strain frae Strachan
Will mak' a man o' stiffest stock
 As swack as saughen.

Wae worth the wretch! foul be his fa'!
Our ancient springs wad chase awa'
Frae lowly cot or lofty ha'
 Our rants and reels—
To wanton waltzes bring us a',
 And queer quadrilles.

Gie me the gear that gars me feel
The life o' life, frae head to heel!
To whirl thro' jig, strathspey, or reel,
 As licht's a feather
Quadrilles and waltzes to the d—l,
 May gang thegither.

New fangled notions over nice,
 Are now our vile besettin' vice !
 And close as iron, cauld as ice,
 Our generation !
 Alas ! that "auld springs gie nae price"
 Thro'out our nation.

That man o' marvels, Paganini !
 Some thocht a d—l, some a genii,
 He monie a bonnie gowden guinea
 Out o' us diddled,
 Had he been Scotch, I'd bet a pin, he
 Had poorly fiddled.

The limmer fashion—plague upon her !
 She mak's an honest stamach scunner,
 And, widenin' a' our een wi' won'er,
 At our gyte gentrie !
 We see a prophet has nae honor
 In his ain kintrie.

Foul fa' the *tempora mutantur*,
 They've work'd wi' monie things mishanter,
 I fear some modish ban or banter
 Will daur to middle
 Wi' puir auld Scotland's pipe and chanter
 And four-stringed fiddle.

Fareweel to feeling when ye part,
 Ye strains that need nae aid frae art,
 That come and gang frae heart to heart,
 Yet hae the skill
 To bid emotion's tear-drap start,
 Or rapture thrill !

O ! let near ilka ingle neuk
 The green-bagged fiddle hae its heuk,
 To hang like smoket fitch or fleuk,
 Wi' some ane near it ;
 Wi' willing heart, by ear or beuk,
 To let us hear it.

Alas ! my dancin' days are o'er,
 My feats are past on festive floor,
 The spirit and the spunk o' yore,
 Waes me, I ween,
 Are nae sae apt for spree or splore
 As they hae been.

Yet now to Norlan rant or reel,
 Some stirrin' o' langsyne I feel,
 Whene'er our hame o'er dances wheel,
 I tak' a part ;
 But och ! I've now a heavier heel
 And heavier heart !

There was a time—a joyous time,
 Lang ere I tried the trade of rhyme,
 When Lewie Fleemin's strains sublime
 Were a' the go ;
 Then boyhood, prankit in its prime,
 Nor wist o' woe.

And ne'er was galliard better graced,
 And ne'er was fiddler blither faced,
 That hour was his Cremona placed
 'Tween chin and shouther !
 Losh ! how the daffin younkers raced,
 In transports thro'ther.

Can I forget thee in my metre,
 No ! by the Pope and eke St. Peter,
 For fiddler finer ne'er was eater
 O'brose and brochan—
 Magnus Apollo o' Monquhitter (2)
 And boast o' Buchan !

When ye screw'd roun' your temp'ring pegs,
 And made the thairms to thirl—my fegs,
 Callant and quean, loupt to their legs,
 To foot it finely !
 As rants and reels, strathspeys and jigs
 Ye played divinely !

Peace to thy shade!—unstrain'd, unstrung,
Thy bow and fiddle, that have hung
Lang on the willow—mute thy tongue,
 And thrilling tones!
The girse and gowan lang have sprung
 Above thy bones!

Still fiddlest thou in men's abodes,
Untainted yet by modern modes,
Who oft the lofty play-house gods,
 Hast fired to frenzy?
Or stiff and streekit 'neath the clods,
 Art thou M'Kenzie?

I hope thou'rt twistin' still the pins
To active limbs and sweatin' skins,
Lest gout get at our shanks and shins,
 Lang be ye liver;
"O! gin I were, where Gadie rins"
 Play that for ever!

I'll nae deny't—tho' vulgar be't,
I've listen'd strains in lane and street
O' native birth sae simply sweet,
 Artless and wild,
That made me merry, garr'd me greet,
 Even like a child!

How aft it was my wont to jog
 Amid thy train blin' Willie Hogg, (3)
 When "Cock-a-Bendy" was in vogue,
 And sack'd thee siller;
 Or Drone's braid-shouther'd brawny rogue,
 The brosy miller.

Then, Willie, ye your sweet voice lent
 To your as sweet accompaniment,
 O' the poor stranger maid that went
 Too far from home—
 I hope maids will tak' better tent
 In days to come.

Art thou in being still? and he,
 The Turkey merchant, wont to be
 Fidus Achates unto thee,
 A blin'-e'ed brither;
 Wha heard delights he could na see
 As weel's anither.

What feeling did your friendship bind?
 'Twas fellow-feeling made ye kind,
 For as the baith o' ye were blind,
 As a stane-wa',
 Nae fauts wi' ither could ye find,
 Ye never saw.

In London lives as choice a chiel,
Born of the land o' "famous Neil,"
As ever heated rustic's heel,
Or cit's or sailor's;
And finely can he play "The D—l
Amang the Tailors."

Fair Athole's woods, Braedalbin's braes
First heard his hand at Highland lays
Lang time ago; yet Willie plays
In London now
The music o' the olden days
Wi' brilliant bow.

And few you'll find sae pleased to play,
To matron grave and maiden gay,
When join'd wi' mates at close o' day
By choice or chance,
To wile an idle hour away
Wi' friendly dance.

Forego not Willie, nor forget
The Norlan springs o' native set,
When friends wi' friends for mirth are met
To foot it fine;
But keep thou up the auld style yet,
For auld lang syne!

O ! mair than a' thy minstrel art,
 In which sae weel thou play'st thy part,
 For manners bland and honest heart
 My rhyme wad roose thee ;
 The curse o' Cromwell be their smart
 Wha wad abuse thee !

To mark, it never was my lot,
 A countryman was worth a groat
 In head or heart, wha kindled not
 At native strains,
 And felt not a' the brither Scot
 Throb thro' his veins !

There's ane I ken o' Border birth
 That's wander'd to the ends o' earth,
 And round has ranged its globular girth ;
 Yet Scotia's still
 Her strains, to mourning or to mirth
 Can work at will.

“ Flowers o' the Forest ” let but glide,
 Then tears will answer in a tide,
 And the “ Blue Bonnets ” spur the pride
 O' the old Border ;
 But kittle up Lock Erochside,
 He's prime in order.

And nearer to the northern star,
Where waves amid the wilds o' Mar,
An ancient forest wide and far,
 By nature planted.
He loves the lay o' "Lochnagar"
 Young Byron chanted.

I like to see sic specimen
O' man, begat in Scottish glen,
Wha loves the land, the but or ben
 That gae him birth ;
I find them aye the best o' men
 In wit or worth.

I'm now a stranger on that strand,
Albeit it is my native land ;
Yet here's my head, my heart, my hand,
 Wi' him wha will
For Scotland strike, for Scotland stand,
 Thro' good and ill.

Her worthiest sons hae loved her best,
Her heroism in honour'd rest,
Proved well the patriots sternest test
 In battle gory,
That dulce et decorum est
 Pro patria mori !

Oh ! music, in thy charmed shell,
 What mystic mighty powers dwell ;
 How grief will sigh and gladness swell
 At thy controul !
 All own the magic o' thy spell
 Wha hae a soul.

Well hath the Bard of Avon wrote
 That man but breathes to plague and plot,
 In love a blank, on life a blot,
 Wha music loathes ;
 And let such man be trusted not—
 The Goth o' Goths !

The painter's tints may be profane,
 Polluted be the poet's strain ;
 But she, in every varied vein,
 The sister art,
 Sweet music ! never stamps a stain
 On mind or heart.

When deep her plaintive measures flow,
 The brain will think, the breast will throo,
 The soul be wrapt wi' genial glow
 In musings meet,
 And “learn the luxury of woe,”
 Though sad—yet sweet !

When d—ls held in hellish thrall
 The spirit o' the wayward Saul,
 As music came at David's call
 Like breathing balm,
 (Music to deils is bitter gall,
 The king grew calm.

O! is it not a sight o' sights,
 When music cheers blithe auld Yule nights,
 To view our day-toiled rustic wights
 Sic lively prancers,
 Gleg jinkin' like the Northern lights,
 The Merry Dancers.

Sae was it twenty years ago,
 In thee braid Buchan thro' and thro',
 And fain my hope it still is so,
 Or then, alas!
 Our ancient countrie's come unto
 A woeful pass.

In England, "Merrie England" ance
 (As still amid the vines o' France),
 The village fête and rural dance
 Cheer'd peer and peasant, [glance
 Now chilled and changed, ne'er meets your
 Such prospect pleasant.

Now leisure comes to wearied labour,
 But brings na neighbour blithe wi' neighbour,
 Enjoying merry pipe and tabor,
 But pipes and porter;
 And waur than these, in tap-room gabber,
 A summat shorter.

Ye men o' title, might, and treasure,
 O! still gie labour in its leisure,
 For hours o' pain ae hour o' pleasure,
 What nature wants;
 And less o' legislative measure,
 Frae M. P. saunts.

The peasants base the social pillar,
 The brookie smith, the dusty miller;
 The clod-shod clown, earth's humblest tiller
 In sod-bulit sheeling,
 May hae mair sense than some wi' siller,
 And finer feeling.

The horny hand that hauds the plough,
 The thud that fells the forest bough,
 The pith that gars the furnace glow
 And stithie ring,
 To these a' classes meikle owe,
 Frae kerne to king.

To them wha weave or twirl the pirn
For cotton claith, or woo', or yarn,
Wha speel the wud, or hew the cairn,
 We a' are debtors ;
Then lat them ease, enjoyment earn,
 As weel's their betters.

Their feelings, flesh—their blude and bane,
By passion, appetite, and pain,
Are acted on the same's your ain,
 Tho' low their station ;
Then think and thole, as men for men,
 O' God's creation.

Some plough the sea, and some the soil,
And some maun tro'ck wi' ither's toil,
While some maun spend and some maun spoil.
 The world's a wheel,
And elbow-grease the essential oil
 To gar it reel.

The man o' lear, and man o' leather,
Are necessary to each ither,
We're a' dependent things thegither,
 Thro' every grade,
And he's the greatest man o' either
 Best at his trade.

We've ministers to pray and preach,
And dominies to task and teach;
We've doctors too, to lance and leech,
 O' sma' pretence ;
And lawyer louns less spare or speech
 Than sober sense.

Pity their parents didna find
Lines meeter for their lack o' mind ;
Better to be a burn-the-wind,
 And nae a failure ;
Or, even that fraction o' mankind,
 A decent tailor.

Better to be an honest yeoman,
A trusty herd, a steady ploughman,
Or flunky to some gentlewoman,
 If good at either,
Than learning Hebrew, Greek and Roman,
 Wi' nous for neither.

The many are a country's stay,
Base tho' they be to gentler clay,
If 'neath the fabric they decay,
 A mole may see it,
Column and cap, where will be they ?
 In ruins wi' it !

Then never be that class neglected,
 But ever be their rights respected,
 And every end by law effected ;
 Improve their pleasures
 Whose sweat created and collected
 Our trade and treasures.

Wise in their own conceit, M. P.'s,
 Having, when gout will let, their ease,
 Plan out for puir folk what they please,
 What may be fairly meant,
 Trusting frae acts o' grace to free's
 By acts o' Parliament.

They deal not law wi' even hand,
 They press the lowly o' the land,
 But spare the spread on Sunda' grand,
 O'er fine mahogany.
 O ! fie ! fie ! Pouter—Plumptre, and
 Sir Andrew Agony !

I freely own the impropriety,
 Nay, waur, the imprudence—e'en impiety,
 O' sots that soak to inebriety ;
 'Tis man's black bane,
 The very sorrow o' society,
 The curse o' Cain !

That ill that wimples thro' the worm,
 Ca'd mountain dew, frae Cairngorm,
 Frae glens o' stills, or hills o' storm,
 Wi' anti-bottlers,
 Has ceased the cry, refrain ! reform
 And be teetottlers !

But why at whisky a' this wrath,
 Wi' a' the scorn and a' the scaith ?
 But few the comforts poortith hath
 Whence joy to borrow,
 And cheer it on its plodding path
 O' sweat and sorrow !

For ever since the warld began,
 Since " Adam spaded and Eve span,"
 Hath wine made glad the heart o' man ;
 Then sure its use
 Should ne'er be barr'd by mortals ban,
 For its abuse.

The grapes that purple southern plain
 Will cluster not in our domain,
 But bear will braird, a goodly grain,
 And so I say,
 It's aye the safest drink to drain,
 The *vin du pays*.

“There is a time for all things,” so
The Preacher said, lang, lang ago,
A time for joy, a time for woe,
 And in its season,
For soul and song, and flask to flow,
 Yet a’ in reason.

I hae a notion in my noddle,
May be it is nae worth a boddle,
That some that wi’ the mash-pot muddle
 On trash o’ tea,
Are just as daft as they wha fuddle
 On barley bree.

But I’ll leave preaching to the priest,
It’s nae my taste, or trade at least,
For they wha on the Fiars feast
 Should teach the people,
And guard frae Babylonish beast,
 Stipend and steeple!

I first begoud about a bow,
A lang ane I’ve been drawin’ now,
And shootin’ on the wing I trow,
 Wi’ aimless arrow.
What was my theme? O! what but thou,
 Blithe Drumnagarrow!

O! Drummie, words are a' too weak,
 In English, Latin, erse or Greek,
 The sum o' thy deserts to speak
 In ample phrase ;
 And sic a screed as I can squeak
 Is sorry praise.

I've lang been frae my native sphere
 Wi' English jinglin' in my ear,
 That faith I've lost the knack I fear
 O' scribblin' Scotch,
 And now hae gabbered out some gear,
 Like a hotch-potch.

There' some ca' rhyme a graceless crime,
 A woefu' wastin' o' our time,
 The mair sae mine that hath nae styme,
 O' licht frae heaven ;
 It's like the Wall o' Spa, my rhyme (4)
 As got 'tis given.

Still fires the soul to hear and hail,
 O' Clann na Gael ann gualibh a chielle,
 The Pibroch pealing on the gale,
 Or melts wi' grief,
 When wakes the Coronach's deep wail
 O'er cairn-tombed chief.

By birken shaw and flowery mead,
 The shepherd loves the aiten reed,
 Beside the Teviot and the Tweed
 And dowie Yarrow,
 Let Dee and Don aye hae a screed
 Frae Drumnagarrow.

O! Drummie, never may thy heart
 Affliction's arrows make to smart;
 Proof against a' but Cupid's dart,
 Unless, already,
 Thou'st safely placed that tender part
 Wi' some kind lady.

I've heard and wonder'd wi' the rest,
 Our finish'd fiddlers bow their best,
 Wha science, but not soul, expressed!
 Like thy wild lays,
 That kindle up the zeal and zest
 O' ither days!

If e'er again we twa should meet,
 Atween your fiddle and my feet,
 We'll gar the hours fly swift and sweet
 Wi' step and strain,
 Until auld Time wi' speed sae fleet
 Shall pech again!

Strachan! thou *ultimus Romanorum*,
 That scrap'st in Scotia's quire and quorum,
 Lang may ye push about the jorum
 Wi' choicest chieils,
 And drive them wud wi' "Tullochgorum,"
 The reel o' reels!

Be life wi' thee a cloudless simmer,
 Welcome to cronie and to kimmer;
 Lang mayst thou mak' the tremblin' timmer
 Thy music feel,
 While sturdy loun and strappin' limmer
 Loup, skip, and squeel!

In fame and favour mayst thou grow,
 Shunning the *broadway* leading low,
 Mid a' the fiddles in a row
 That top the *narrow*,
 Flourish, like Aaron's rod, the bow
 O' Drumnagarrow!

Gude prosper a' that may concern
 Thy hame an' haddin', board and bairn,
 Be evergreen the bays ye earn,
 Till full o' days
 And lowly laid, a noble cairn
 May Scotia raise.

On ilka Scot be dool and' shame,
Upon his head, upon his hame,
And a' the plagues that ever came,
 Of old, on Pharoah,
Wha scorns thy numbers and thy name,
 O! Drumnagarrow!

TO —.



SWEET as thy years are now, my fair young friend,
May many such thy sum of life extend,
And ne'er may Time thy innocence destroy,
The sole exhaustless source of purest joy,
Ne'er may the world an influence impart
To chill the native feelings of thy heart,
Nor vulture guilt scare from its downy nest
The dove of peace that nestles in thy breast!
All pure and pleasant be thy thoughts by day,
And all thy dreams by night as dear as they,
Earth spread its thornless flowers beneath thy
tread,
And heaven its brightest sunshine o'er thy head.
May hope in thee smile on to coming years,
And memory melt no unavailing tears;

Secure and sweet may all thy friendships prove,
And truth and tenderness reward thy love ;
From life's fair dawn down to its closing even,
O ! may it be a blest foretaste of heaven !
Should thine be sorrow's slow and heavy hour,
It's cup of comfort may religion pour,
That more than friendship's, even love's,
 soothing voice
Can make the trusting heart in hope rejoice,
Thy vexed spirit may its blessed balm,
As oil doth ocean's troubled waters calm,
O ! be light of truth—the rock of faith ;
Thy lamp, thy leaning-staff in life, in death,
Strengthen thee 'neath affliction's chast'ning rod,
And fit thee for the presence of thy God !

LINES.

How sweet is nature in the silent night, [light,
When stars in thousands lend their trembling
And folded roses budding fair and new,
Blush deeper in the bright and tear-like dew,
When stoop the daisies on their slender stems
Beneath the burden of their glittering gems,
And the wild violets, to which are given
The breath of Eden and the hue of heaven!
Now meditation muses lone and deep,
Now secret sorrow wakes unseen to weep,
And trysted lovers, hid in hawthorn bower,
Breathe out their hearts and bless the happy hour.
O! time most welcome to the weary hind,
O! time, most pleasant to the pensive mind,
So hush'd, so holy, all through earth and air,
The time for thought—the hour of peace and
prayer!

THE BOGLE O' BANCHORY.

“Can such things be,
And overcome us like a summer's cloud,
Without our special wonder?”

Macbeth.

’Tis said and believed that the d—l’s in Dublin,
But like many more Pats he has turned absen-
tee,
And come in the shape of a ghost or a goblin,
His Christmas to spend on the Banks of the
Dee.

Where he, faith, hath in fine style “got on with
his barrow,”

Quite suiting this season of riot and revelry,
Making more free than welcome at farm of
B——h,(5)

Kicking up, a la Waterford, doings of d——y.

The honest folks striking with sticks and with
 stones, [tonishment,
 And striking them still more with awe and as-
 Perhaps he is sent for our sins, and our bones
 Must ache for behoof of our spirit's admon-
 ishment.

It may be with some folk that what I now write
 In earnest, will only excite muscle risible,
 But 'tis true, if the truth I did ever indite,
 A visit we've had from the ancient Invisible !

As for them, "the best possible public instruc-
 tors," [mystify,
 Their prosing pens only the matter more
 'Gainst dominies, penny-a-liners—yea doctors,
 Let capering kettles and mustard-pots testify.

Is not seeing believing ? The saying's an old one,
 But wisdom's like wine, none the worse for
 antiquity ; [a bold one,
Their sense 'gainst *our* senses ! my faith, that's
 For the veriest d—l of inky iniquity !

They print a palavering long lucubration,
 In proving that glamour is merely galvanic,
 What sense the most common calls deeds of
 d—n, [Satanic !
 And traces such tricks to their true source

Open wide then your ears, and still wider your
eyes ! [them,

While I now attempt to say something about
I will tell you the truth as far in me as *lies*,

O facts that would bother a bishop to doubt
them.

A kebbuck, from some *mity* cause, from a dais
Ran off, and ran after the gudewife to grab it,
But it beat her and cower'd like a hare in the *ais*,
Yea became in a jiffy—a whacking Welch
rabbit !

In the pot some small murphies that were
common taters, [comment,
Their jackets threw off, and without note or
In hot water being, became agitators,
And large *thumping* potatoes flew out in a
moment !

An old wife was spelling the Aberdeen Journal,
When her spectacles sprang from her won-
dering eyes ;
By some power invisible as 'twas infernal,
There's a hole through the wall yet, the shape
and the size !

The next marvellous movement—a couple of
stones [can,
First got up the gambol of Catch-me-who-
Then beat the big drum on a *bowie* of *sowens*,
And played “clout the caudron” on pot and
on pan.

They tapp'd the Tattoo on the gudeman's bald
sconce, [teeth in,
Like dicers they swore, as they rattl'd his
All this too on Sunday, which proves us at once
Each hard-hearted stone must have been quite
a *heathen*.

One calm night some stacks, rather last har-
vest scanty, [Boreas,
As if stirred by a strain from the bagpipe of
Through a country dance caper'd most clever and
canty, [notorious.
O! you may shake your head, but the fact is

They ranted and reeled, did like jolly ones jump,
The bear were the men and the oats were the
marrows, [a trump,
And each woman and man of straw danc'd like
To a tune of the d—l's as t'were Drumna-
garrow's!

And like that vile body 'yclept voluntary,
 Not the Mill's *volens volens* establishment
 system, [vagary,
 They thrashed themselves out with their mystic
 The farmer had only to clean them and *hist*
 them.

A tacketed brogue ran a comical rig,
 In flying about like a wind-driven feather,
 Now prancing a hornpipe, now jogging a jig,
 Ah! well may the sutors say "Nothing like
 leather."

This brogue having some crockery matters de-
 molished,
 All merely its organ destructive to shew,
 To prove, spite of Warren, the shoe was most
polished, [Crow.
 And for music a *sole* in't, it jump'd them Jim

It happened the owner had more feet than one,
 And one shoe were *bootless* if wanting the
 other,
 So hop-skip and jump like a cripple he ran,
 To catch its rebellious and run a-way brother.

He once got a grip, but it gave him a kick,
Sent him heels over head, then, quick, presto,
like fun, [stick,
The shoe through the rafter and roof cut its
And the man lay and swore like a son of a gun.

And still 'tis supposed to be cutting its capers—
Will do so till danced out the body and *sole*
of it, [papers,
But these lynx-eyed and long-eared reporters to
No doubt, will discover and write us the
whole of it.

Much more could I tell, for my matter's abun-
dant, [diligence,
And still to get more I will use all due
So will send like a "kind" and "esteemed"
correspondent, [gence."
The "earliest news" and the "latest intelli-

To the Editor of _____

THE BOGLE O' BANCHORY.



“The d—l it is!”

An old and too common a saying.

AGAIN to the Bogle—I left him at Banchory,
 He hath shifted his *bob* to another locality,
 But wherever the old cruiser casts off his anchor,
 he [quality.”
 Will soon let us know by “a touch of his

A drover one night rather late stayed at Strachan,
 And took rather more than became a good
 bairn, [Clachan,
 When, having his cronies drunk blind in the
 Went to step or to stagger his way o'er the
 Cairn.(6)

The road, as we all know, is long, steep, and
 lonely, [south,
 With no beauty but this—that it leads to the
 To our traveller all roads were pleasant, if only
 Here and there lay a bothy deserving his
 drouth.

And jogging along in this manner of thinking,
 A light caught his eye half a mile o'er the
 moor, [the drinking,
 And he thought if there here be a drop worth
 'Twould be a sore pity to pass by the door.

He was welcomed within by black-o-vised man,
 Who was warming his spirit by wetting his
 body, [same plan,
 And who bade him come *ben* and pursue the
 Then whack'd off his health in a tumbler of
 toddy.

Now Davie Dunlap ('tis the name of our hero),
 On the principle—beggars should never be
 choosers, [below zero,
 And that men, when their spirits sink down
 And a remedy by, must be fools if refusers.

And *when* he drank, *where* he drank, d—l cared
 Davie, [his drouth,
 Folks spoke of his drinking, but knew not
 And a *gien* horse, he thought, had he splinter
 or spavie, [mouth.
 'Twould be very bad manners to look in the

Being thankful and thirsty, the pink of polite-
 ness, [read a sentence,
 Though of Chesterfield's rules he had ne'er
 And liking the liquor in smell, bite, and bright-
 ness, [acquaintance.
 Drank the health of his host and their better

Then fronting his friend t'other side of the
 table, [light of it,
 As flickered the fir-log—they drank by the
 They both set to work like men willing and able
 To drink in the daylight—and thus make a
 night of it.

The host cracked away queer and *auld farren*
 stories, [laughter,
 Till Davie's sore sides were nigh splitting with
 Now troll'd him a stave with a "derry down"
 chorus, [rafter.
 That struck, as with palsy, the roof and the

Having no fear before him of Temperance So-
ciety, [wallow,

Davie drank as if wishing a drunkard to
And each gulp made him still so confoundedly
dry, that I [same swallow.

Could wish my good reader may have the

Though the host looked a reverend man and re-
spectable, [mellow,

He got on like a good one so merry and
Till what with his jokes and his jorum delectable,
Our friend set him down for a capital fellow.

That his host was some person of consideration.

Was Davie Dunlap's most decided impres-
sion,

And that, by his infinite vast information,

He must be a man of no common profes-
sion.

That here had not long been his place of abode

To Davie's mind oft rose a natural suggestion,
And to know him he tried hints, the gentle and
broad,

Ere he plumply and plainly would pop him
the question.

Says Davie, " Good sir, by your coat and your
 colour, [attention,
 " And converse, to which I've paid deepest
 " I take you're a traveller, scribe, or a scholar,
 " For you've told me things far beyond *my*
 comprehension."

" You're right there, my buck ! or you're half
 right at least,
 " My learning I got at a very deep college,
 " I began very early to teach in the *east*,
 " And the whole world has tasted the fruit of
 my knowledge.

" The schoolmaster abroad, I've been, wander-
 ing whole
 " Of the frigid, the torrid, or temperate zone,
 " And *one* darker than winter about either pole,
 " And very much hotter than Sierra Leone.

" Where the choicest of company is to be got

" * * * * *

" * * * * *

" * * * * *

“ With plenty of player-folk, wags, wits, and
editors, [currie,

“ As warm as their welcome or high season'd

“ And, as they are *there* safe from cravings of
creditors, [hurry !

“ They are not like to leave in a deuce of a

“ For know, though I've travelled so very much
overland,

“ To me its no *terra incognita* underland ;

“ Ah ! there's the Atlantis, milk, honey, and
clover-land, [Sunderland.

“ Independent of trade with Newcastle or

“ And where I could whisk you without steam
or steed,

“ At a word, in the whirl of a penny teetotum,

“ To a place whose coal-pits are so deep that
indeed [bottom.

“ 'Twould puzzle a plummet to *find out a*

“ I'll beat your new rail-roads as well's the old
mode,

“ Pedestrian, equestrian, eke the vehicular,

“ The road is direct, 'tis an *Adamized* road,

“ Engineered with a gentle slope—quite per-
pendicular. (7)

“ And I hope to have *this* night the pleasure of
seeing [you do !

“ Yourself with me *down stairs.*” “ The d—l

“ I beg,” exclaimed Davie, “ your pardon in
being

“ So bold as to civilly ask,—Who are you ?”

“ I’m an *indigo* gentleman !—yet up to snuff,

“ Like Lundy-foot, Taddy, Gillespie and
Grimstone,

“ And I deal rather large in a different stuff,

“ Because I’ve so great a demand for it—
brimstone.”

Now fear or the fuddle too potent had proven,
For flat on the floor tumbled Davie, *non*
compos,

He caught hold of a foot as a cow-hoof as cloven,
And cried, “ G—d preserve me !” then whew !
what a rumpus !

A blue flash of lightning ! a loud clap of thun-
der ! [ziness,”

Cried Davie, “ faith here is a bonnie like biz-
All was dancing about him, above him, and
under, [ness.

And senseless he sank in a *dwam* or a *dizzi-*

Next morn he was found in a terrible funk ; he
Was gasping out something like gas, 'twas
inflammable,
That blazed even as blue as the mug of a monkey,
And smack'd of a gulf most decidedly d—ble !

It was part *Assifoetida*—alias you *know*,
Some *helebore* too — but 'twas sulphur
particular.

But as Davie to M.D. nor D.D. did go,
It could not be that article sacred or secular !

So the natural conclusion must be he had drunk,
With a gentleman named not in Pigot's
Directory,
Of a brewst that as strong as your Harbour
mud stunk,
The drink of a very vile red-hot refectory !

Restored to his senses—in rueful sobriety,
He abjured from that moment all boozers and
bottleism,
And a member became of the Temperance
Society ;
Yea, after the order most strict of Tee-
totalism !

And farther—we hear—he has given his mite,
 As a soap for his sins to the —— ——— ex-
 tension scheme [I write?
 (To chime with this last line—what word can
 O!—for rhyme more than reason—say. Sine-
 cure pension scheme.

Yet long will he mind of that jovial night,
 And still longer think of the terrible morning,
 With his crony *unnameable* “to ears polite,”
 He was snatched by a prayer—like a brand
 from the burning!

Ah! the old boy follows the Primitive plan,
 With fair words and wares tempting Mister
 and Madam,
 As he did first to woman—alas! wo to man!
 That a laird made a labourer—Ancestor
 Adam!

Blame not the Exchequer for new Tom and
 Jerry shops, [Nemesis,
 Give the d—l his due in the name of dame
 His *broadway* to ruin is built with such merry
 shops,
 With license for all—“To be Drunk on the
 premises!”

So by Davie's disaster be warned and beware
Of the spirit of malt—'tis the spirit of evil;
Though sceptics may scout that there cause is
for care,
If you drink deep enough—faith—you'll find
out the Di!

To the Editor of ———

THE BOGLE O' BANCHORY.

—◆—
 "The gude preserve me frae a' evil,
 I wadna like to see the d—l!"

THRUMMY CAP.

ANOTHER account—one "full, true, and particular," [jocular,

In the jargon of Jockeys—but this is not
 And one upon evidence not mere auricular,
 But most clenching as all will admit—*id est*-
 ocular.

'Tis from one who hath seen, and *in propria*
persona,

The father of lies and of every enormity,
 Not in shape that he tempted the world's *prima*
donna,

But all in his naked and native deformity!

Though some folk may call it an old woman's
haver, [breeches,
 I ween there walk many old women in
 Though daily their chins may be soap'd by the
 shaver, [witches!
 Still old wives that will ne'er be mistaken for

So let none dare to deem that my matter's
 mendacious, [prose ;
 Though he's welcome to say that my poetry's
 But read with respect what's so very veracious,
 With no tongue in his cheek, and no thumb
 on his nose.

For it comes from a very respectable lady,
 Who vegetates nigh to the haunted vicinity,
 And for thrice twenty years and more, starched
 stiff and steady,
 Hath stuck to her verity—like her virginity.

And what is more strange—to the truth no less
 strict too,
 No lord of creation shall govern her garret ;
 For the whole worthless fellows — *mirabile*
dictu! [and a parrot.
 She would not give her choice chums, a puss

But all this is nothing at all to the purpose,
 Whether married or maidenly be our infor-
 mant,
 Suffice it that she hath clapt eyes on the *corpus*
 Of the spirit that, night and day, never lies
 dormant.

'Tis no vision of sleep, no delusion of fancy,
 For she vows and avers all she tells us is
 certes meant,
 And her tale is as true I with confidence *can* say
 As a M——n puff, or a R——ns' adver-
 tisement.

Who denies that the former, great Gamboge
 and Aloe, [of Gilead,
 Hath made hawker and huxter with *his* Balm
 Who knew B from a bull's foot, to rise to more
 value, [and Iliad.
 Than the Galen that could gab the *Æniad*

Or the glorious George's goose quill is the wand
 Of a wizard effecting a mystic transition
 Of our moss-moors and heath-covered hills to
 a land
 Overflowing with milk and wine, Eden's
 Elysian!

I would hint Mr. Down-below, begging his
 pardon, [nary,
 To make George his Appraiser Extra-or-di-
 His agent on earth No. so Covent Garden,
 Who would picture his realm like the region
 of Faery.

A land rich in wax, and wine, corn, milk, and
 honey, [thrapple,
 Of all fluids and fruits dear to thirst and to
 Where its Come eat and drink, lo! without price
 or money, [the apple.
 And still not play the deuce with the juice of

Such a job would be fine for the genius of George,
 For a *capital* hit in the newspaper *columns*,
 And the *base* would take all with a gourmand-
 like gorge,
 Though it ended in smoke of the vastiest
 volumes.

But the Prince of the hammer, the Priest of
 Hygeia,
 We'll leave to run on their rhapsodical rigs,
 From my good dame to gather some sort of idea
 Of the personal charms of the "first of the
 Whigs."

We read he resembles a wild, roaring lion,
 Seeking whom to devour—'tis a phrase meta-
 phorical, [Zion,
 For the foul fiend who wishes not well to our
 Hear him limn'd from the lips of my old
 woman oracle.

She avers that the beast's of the short horn'd
 kind, [german's,
 Hide and hair coarse and curly as any a nig-
 And as for the article dangling behind,
 A fool to it quite is the big Irish beggar-
 man's.

His phiz is adorn'd with a huge hooke'm snivey,
 Gemm'd with plenty of pimples like scabby-
 skinn'd murphies, [believe ye,
 Which St. Dunstan's hot tongs, if the legend
 By no means improved in its substance and
 surface.

He has but one eye, faith, but it is a whacker,
 Like phosphorus flashes, his ogre-like ogle,
 And Warren's best jet never brush'd a shoe
 blacker

Than the Enemy, alias the Banchory Bogle.

With such horrible face and such hideous
 feature, [sooty,
 With carcase so shaped and complexion so
 One may easily guess that this go-about crea-
 ture,
 Though very alluring, is far from a beauty.

* * * * *
 * * * * *

'Tis sixty years since she beheld him the last
 time,
 As above I've described, and it is her belief
 At Banchory now he's pursuing his pastime,
 As he lies at the bottom of every mischief.

* * * * *
 * * * * *

If he meddle with what are priests as the peo-
 ple's, [weapons,
 With Clochnabane stone, or with other such
 He'll be playing at skittles some day with the
 steeples,
 And the stakes to be stump'd up, preserve
 us, the steepins !

But I'll give up the Bogle, for faith I half fear,
As my subject is black, that my song may be
blameable,
And better 'twould be if I now, if I ne'er
Had the least thing to do with the ugly un-
nameable !

To the Editor of ——

THE LION OF SCOTLAND.



RED Lion famed and feared of old
On Scotland's battle field,
The blazon of her banner fold—
The 'scutcheon of her shield.
Meet emblem of her heroes, whom
Thou ledd'st to battle forth,
And ledd'st to triumph, or a tomb,
Red Lion of the North !

The warlike Pict, the wandering Dane,
Oft thou hast made to mourn,
And sterner glories dyed thy name,—
The blood of Bannockburn !
On later fields, in many a clime,
Hast thou pawed proudly forth,
Triumphant as of olden time,
Red Lion of the North !

The chieftain's cairn, the martyr's grave,
Where sleep the heroic dead,
May ne'er the footstep of a slave,
Profane them with their tread—
Nor vainly may the Future see
Our armed hosts go forth,
Beneath St. Andrew's cross, and thee,
Red Lion of the North!

The ancient mind, the ancient might,
Still may our hills produce,
To wield the sword of Wallace wight,
The ~~battle-axe~~ of Bruce!
The soul to love the minstrel's lore,
And prize the patriot's worth.
The spirit of the years of yore,
Red Lion of the North!

High honour unto thine and thee,
For never shalt thou wave,
But from the flag-staff of the free,
The banner of the brave!
And by thy glories in the past,
When Scotland bears thee forth,
Stand thou for freedom, first and last,
Red Lion of the North!

TO ———.



FORGET me not ! Though torn apart,
And doom'd perhaps to meet no more,
Thou shalt be hoarded in my heart
Till every throb be hushed and o'er.
Though they beside thee dearer be,
Who may not, cannot, be forgot,
Yet maiden, may'st thou deign to me
This one fond wish—forget me not !

Though years on years may roll away,
And many a mile between us be,
I would not, loveliest one, that they,
Should waste the memory of me.
For lonely shall I feel, indeed,
To know by thee I am forgot,
And all I ask is friendship's meed,
But this of thee—forget me not.

Though Fortune may have joys in store,
As little hope I such to be,
Yet I would treasure them the more
Could I but share the same with thee ;
And let the worst of ills beset,
Not all unblest'd can be my lot,
To know, though others may forget,
Sweet maid, *thou* wilt forget me not.

When thou dost revel with the gay,
One moment, 'mid thy hours of glee,
O ! think of him then far away,
Who ne'er can cease to think of thee ;
But would have joyed to view thee blest—
Spare him one kind though passing thought,
Recall his earnest, sole, request,
His parting prayer—forget me not.

And ah ! shouldst thou have cause to wail,
Uncomforted—which heaven avert !
What hour when foes thee most assail,
And, worst of all, when friends desert,
Think then—yea,—more than *think*—believe
That one remains but far remote,
Would give up joy, with thee to grieve,
Think this, and oh, forget me not.

And should I hear in distant climes,
Thy love some worthier one hath blessed,
The hope that smiled in happier times
Shall die, but not to dreamless rest,
For in my breast the smouldering flame
Will wake the aching throb and thought,
Though lost to love, in friendship's name,
Even then thou wilt forget me not.

O! every fancy of my brain,
O! every feeling of my breast,
Of those that are most fair and fain
Of these the warmest and the best
Are thine and ever shall be so,
Howe'er fate glad or gloom my lot,
For never can my soul forego
It's idol hope—forget me not.

And when to death's eternal sleep
My wearied spirit shall have pass'd,
O! wilt thou for the wand'rer weep
Who loved thee fondly to the last;
Though where my hush'd heart low is laid
Thou may'st not dew with tears the spot,
Nor sigh my name—still—still—sweet maid,
Forget me not!—forget me not!

STANZAS.



No more ! O, never more to me
 Shall oft remembered joys return,
 Whate'er my future fate may be,
 It will be mine to mourn.
 Can age repeat youth's vanished scene ?
 The grave the dead, yet dear, restore ?
 O ! I can be as I have been,
 No more,—O ! never more !

O ! for the feelings, warm and wild,
 That thrill'd the enthusiast heart of youth,
 The hopes that on the future smiled,
 But brook'd not time and truth :
 Yet o'er their wreck my heart will yearn,
 And memory hoard, like precious store,
 The joys departed, to return
 No more,—O ! never more !

STANZAS.



IN all variety of hue and form,
 Upon the breezy shore and bounding sea,
At noon, at night, in shade, shine, calm, and storm,
 O nature! I do love and worship thee ;
 And, with the fervour of a devotee,
I make my shrine amid thy solitudes,
 To pour my adoration loud and free,
And deem I list thee in the voiceful floods,
The moaning of the winds, the murmuring of
 the woods.

And I have sought and lov'd thee from a child,
While wandering in mine own cold northern
clime,

The scenes most lonely, desolate, and wild,
That bear the impress of creation's prime :
Those savage scenes—stern, awful, and sub-
lime,

I love them more than Eden bowers elsewhere,
I love them for the sake of former time,
For oh! no altered aspect meets me there,
Unlike the friends of youth, they still are what
they were.

My country, thy waste places were to me
Gardens of beauty, as I roamed at will
The moorland heaths—all barren though they be,
The whinny glen—the steep and stormy hill :
Yet how affection clings unto them still,
How doting memory loves full oft to pore,
On some old tower, or tree, or rock, or rill,
The scene of many joys in days of yore,
And haunt of happy ones, who can be so no
more !

O! ye thrice happy days, long, long gone by,
When joy was with me wheresoe'er I went,
When nature bloom'd enchantment to mine eye,
And fill'd my heart with sweetest ravishment,
While birds to song their tuneful voices lent,
And breeze and brook like strains of music stole,
When all things pure and beautiful were
blent,
To charm each varied sense and cheer the soul,
Life was without a cloud, and glee without con-
troul.

O! life, but thou art lovely in thy spring,
And, if thou e'er art so thou then art blest,
While yet the young heart is a sinless thing
A heaven of rapture and a home of rest.
Eild comes with cares and in the brain and
breast
Awakes the painful thought and feeling keen,
Then may we mourn the peace we once pos-
sess'd
And sigh as I have sigh'd too oft I ween,
O! would that I were not! O, would I ne'er
had been!

THE LAY OF A LUBBER.



WEAVE away, my spanking steamer,
Black and broad thy smoky steamer,
With thy shovel and thy poker,
Work away, my merry stoker !
Till the furnace glow and gleam up,
Get the hot and hissing steam up !
Off we go, o'er bar and billow,
Rock'd like babe on Cradle-pillow.
Though abreast the tide be flowing,
Though ahead the breeze be blowing,
In defiance we of either
Go ahead 'gainst wind and weather,
With two hundred horses' power
Scud we at ten knots an hour,

Bravo ! engineers and engines !
This is sailing with a vengeance,
Fleet our flight as any eagle's,
Fast as fox before the beagles.
With a feeling glad and glorious,
Vault we o'er the waves victorious.
Farewell headlands, farewell highlands !
Off the Firth for the Fern Islands,
Holds our gallant bark her steering,
Like an ocean steed careering ;
For the gale is piping louder,
And the waves are prancing prouder,
Would it were as still 's the dead sea,
Dear me, what a heavy head sea !
Rocking—pitching—lack-a-daisy,
Sure the ship is crank or crazy,
Would the sea were somewhat *calmish*,
For I feel a *leetle* qualmish,
And my dinner not digesting
Makes me pale and interesting.
Curse upon the wind and weather,
My poor head 's as light 's a feather.
Downward, upward, vaults our vessel,
In the ocean's angry wrestle,
Now to windward—now to leeward,
Hiccup—hiccup—Steward !—Steward !
What the deuce can be the matter,

Bring me fast some soda water :
 Haste ye steward, quick and quicker,
 As I'm getting sick and sicker :
 If you have the bottle handy,
 Bring me brandy ! bring me brandy !
 Or I soon must feed the fishes,
 Very much against my wishes !
 Cook, or Captain, do procure me
 Pill or potion that will cure me,
 Tell me what of food, or physic,
 Suits a man so very sea sick,
 You must understand the matter :
 Listen !— *loquitur*, the latter :
 “ Physic ! give it to a dog, sir,
 “ Nothing fluid good but grog, sir,
 “ But for food, I tell you what, sir,
 “ Get a steak and very fat, sir,
 “ Drink the gravy, rich and greasy,
 “ In a jiffy you'll be easy,
 “ Goose's green fat answers finely,
 “ Turtle soup, too, most divinely,
 “ Pork's a famous ante-pukey'.”
 “ Ho !” says I, “ your namesake—Hookey !”

Now another Job consoler
 Speaks his pity at my dolour,
 “ Sir, you seem, a so-so sailor.”
 “ Sir, I'm but a travelling tailor,

From the house of Snip and Snooks, sir ,
Glad to have you on our books, sir,
Hiccup—spite of all my dizziness ;
Hup! my head is clear for business ;
Now this moment—if your pleasure,
Very glad to take your measure,
See the sample of my swatches
Which no other Sneider matches ;
Mark this piece of trowser stuff, sir,
Warranted to wear like buff, sir,
First of fabric—quite a new cloth ;
Green or gray, brown black or blue cloth,
For a frock, or dandy dress coat,—
Splendid specimens for waistcoat,
Satin, silk, and fine valentias ;
Charges cheap and conscientious ;—
Curse the ship ! that lurch just now, sir,
Makes me feel—I don't know how, sir.
Captain ! Captain ! why the d—l
Dont you keep the vessel level ?
Hup ! Hup ! Hoo—I am so sorry
I have sent my dinner o'er ye,
That hath with my stomach quarrell'd,
Like to bottle ale, or barrell'd ;
When too brisk, its way it works, sir,
Asking leave of bungs nor corks, sir,

* * * * *

Two days have I been in torment,
With my stomach in a ferment :
Thank my stars ! I'm off the ocean,
Still'd 's my stomach's queer commotion ;
Catch me ever take the sail-way,
While there is a road or rail-way ;
While there's left a track to travel
Over granite, grass, or gravel,
I would take it ten times sooner
Than in steamer, smack, or schooner,
E'er encounter that fell physic
Being very very sea-sick !

THE
EMIGRANT'S FAREWELL.

FAREWELL! Farewell! o'er wid'ning waves
Are Albion's white cliffs fading fast,
And many an eye the tear-gush laves
That looks on them, perhaps, its last.
We bound as to a distant strand,
The far-west forests, wide and wild,
Yet now for thee, our native land
Would manhood sorrow as a child!

With many a thought and feeling now
May eye be moist, and heart be moved,
For we may live the future thro'
From all who love us—all we love.
Hope-promised Prairies fair and sweet,
The wanderer in the west may find;
Yet none shall stay his weary feet
Like those he loves and leaves behind.

The vale, the grove, the village green,
The stream that wound with soothing strain
Wild flower'd and willowly banks between,
All loved so much—but loved in vain.
The old church from whose ivied tower,
Each sabbath morn, each close of even
Would come the peal with solemn power
To turn our thoughts and hopes to heaven!

Yet 'tis some solace now to know,
My country! o'er the billowy brine,
To dwell with kindred race we go
Who own thy language and thy line,
A realm, an offspring of thine own,
Whose present, past and future fame,
Rich as thou art in old renown,
Will give new glories to thy name.

Farewell! Farewell! I mark no more
My country's cliffs wane o'er the wave,
The isle whose earth my being bore,
But never now may grant a grave;
The sea-bird shrieks its gladsome song,
And seeks thy steeps thou vanished strand,
The very billows leap along
To kiss thy shores, our native land!

FRAGMENTS.

O ! NATURE thou art beautiful in every hue and form,
 Whether thy face be smoothed with smiles, or ruffled with the
 storm ; [bloom,
 When deck'd with spring-time's verdant blade, or summer's varied
 In autumn's many mellowing tints, in winter's sombre gloom !
 The herbless rock o'ergrown with moss of patriarchal grey,
 The moor unfruitful since the date of antediluvian day,
 The ocean which the calm hath hushed still as an infant's sleep,
 Or when the tempest's fury heaves its bosom dark and
 deep.

The sky all blue and bright, save where may float a fleecy cloud,
 Or black when arrowy lightnings flash and thunder peals
 aloud !

The fairy vale where wood and water lend so sweet a grace,
 As brilliant locks and brighter eyes enhance young beauty's face,
 There's not a scene beneath the sun, upon the shore or sea,
 In every change but hath a charm for him who loveth thee.
 The sighing breeze, the singing birds, mid trees in greenest trim,
 The murmuring brook, the wailing wind, are music all for him.

Where nature blooms, or beams or breathes, enraptured will he roam,
Yet dearest be his early haunts around his native home.

All have some spot they love the most, by waterside or wild-wood,
Some spot that memory mirrors yet that charmed the days of
childhood.

The daisied bank, the bush that bore the wildling fruit and flower,
The aged thorn that hath been ours, and many a lover's bower.

The green church-yard to whose turf oft would playful ones resort,
And make the ancient holy aisle ring with their school-boy sport,
For not the yew-tree's solemn shade could cloud our early mirth,
And little reck'd we though we trode the dust that gave us
birth,

But leapt along from stone to stone, that mark'd each narrow bed,
Nor thought how soon our mates might'there—ourselves be lowly
laid !

How many kind and kindred ones so loving and so loved ;
Hath death since then down to the grave from life and light re-
moved,

Perhaps a father's bones have there long mingled with the mould,
A mother's heart so warm to us—to all—to us, now cold ;

Some brother or sweet sister the first beings of our love,

Now sleep beneath the sod they oft have tript with us above !

And blithe companions of our youth we hoped through after years
To journey with us on life's path of troubles and of tears !

O ! I know such a spot as this where stately ash-trees wave,
With murmurs to the moaning blast o'er many a well-known
grave,

It may be childish—be it so—yet would I in that spot

What I have been—be dust again—forgiven and forgot.

O ! may some kind one, when my tired and troubled life shall
cease,

There lay my earthly elements, and let me rest in peace,
 No more—oh never more to wake, to wander, and to weep,
 But lock'd in Death's cold, close embrace—how sweetly shall I
 sleep!

* * * * *

There is a grief within my breast, a deep and daring grief,
 Whose pangs the tongue may not reveal, nor time may bring re-
 lief,

Oft casts that canker in my breast a cloud upon my brow,
 Yet what I feel and what I fear the world may never know.
 And, though I join the joyance and the gambols of the gay,
 At times may swell the lengthen'd laugh and troll the bacchant
 lay,— [smile,

May weave a strain of merry thoughts that may make others
 The head may ache, the heart be worn and weary all the while,
 O! smiles may wreath the lip and smooth the furrows from
 the brow,

Though heavy on the heart and long hath lain a weight of woe,
 So round the old elm's hollow trunk by tempests wreck'd and
 time.

The ivy's leaves and tendrils still will ever greenly climb,
 The folded flower of heavenliest hours—the fruit of fairest form
 Within their soft and luscious breasts may hold the wasting worm.
 The mariner with rapture marks the dolphin, as he dies,
 Yield hues that rival in the wave the rainbow in the skies ;
 The bird whose anthem charmed the air—a captive of the cage,
 With warbling wild, all sadly sweet—will others' griefs' assuage ;
 The maiden decks with shining robe her fair and sylph-like form,
 And recks not if it wore the life from out the poor silk worm ;
 As little reck the revellers the glad and thoughtless throng
 That care may cloud the minstrel's mind though pleasant be his
 song,

With feelings lightsome as their feet, they thread the mirthful
 measure, [pleasure,
 And dream not how his heart may be, who pours their strain of
 The harpstrings answer to his hand, in tones of thrilling gladness,
 But the heart may be attuned the while, to deepest notes of sad-
 ness,

Conceal'd, consuming be his grief. the world hath not for him,
 A heart the sigh will e'er disturb, an eye the tear will dim!

* * * * *

But hush! another strain awakes a woful one and wild,
 Of some poor moon-struck maiden, yet by love and hope beguil'd,
 Still, still, she hopes against all hope, a coming bridal day,
 Will wed her plighted hand to his long crumbling in the clay!
 Madness had come in mercy now, sole comfort 'mid her care,
 To shed some fitful gleamings though the darkness of despair!
 And o'er the moor and by the brook, where wept the willow
 bower, [flower,
 She might be seen with streaming hair, all braided with wild
 And when the moon, the bonnie moon, shone bright and broad
 above,

Forth would the maniac wend to hold a tryst with her true love,
 One moment and her chant is blithe, now saddens deep and slow,
 And now is heard the hysteric laugh, and now the wail of woe!
 I know not how her heart was wrecked, bewildered was her
 brain,

But mournful must her story be, for melting was her strain.
 And she who with a syren's voice entranced each captive ear,
 Made every bosom give a sigh, and every eye a tear,
 Breathing the fancies wild and strange, the feelings vain and
 strong,

All felt as if the maniac's self that moment sang her song!

O! give to me the singer that hath feeling pure—intense,
 That never for the sake of sound will sacrifice the sense,
 Who pours the voice of passion out, without the aid of art,
 How will it vibrate harmonies, in every gentle heart!
 I scorn not skill, but be it chaste, and never let it be
 The skill that shows the scholar all, and mars the melody,
 Astonished may the mind be at the attainments of an art, [heart!
 But when the voice of nature breathes will heart respond to

* * * * *

And east and west his gladden'd eye beheld the scene expand,
 As saw the prophet, from the mount, the long'd-for promised
 land,

“To trace with transport scene like this, in stormy winter time,
 “What must it be,” the stranger cried, “in summer's pride
 and prime!

“Another moon and spring will cast her verdure o'er the vale,
 “And leaf will spread and bud will sprout, to kiss the vernal
 gale,

“When passes April's fitful reign of smiles and tears away,
 “Its hawthorn hedges will put forth the welcome flowers of
 May;

“The rose and lily both will balm the garden and the grove,
 “In joyous June when birds attune their varied notes to love;
 “Then flourish will the pastures and the furrows of the plough,
 “Till Autumn pours her plenished horn, to bend the orchard
 bough.

“Well may so bountiful a scene, so beautiful a soil,
 “Reward the pilgrim's travel, and repay the peasant's toil,
 “Fain would I linger, but I leave, although few days may bring
 “To light the firstlings of the field, an offering to the spring,
 “The orange colour'd crocus, and the golden daffodil,

"The paler primrose on the mead—the daisy on the hill,
 "With other flowers of humble note, that poets love to name,
 "And to our earliest memories appeal with such a claim!
 "O! would I had a dwelling here, in some sequester'd nook,
 "Where silvery willows stoop'd to kiss their shadows in the brook,
 "And the green woodbine wrapt its walls in ever fond embrace,
 "While roses bloomed in red and white, like beauty's favoured
 face.

"My cot and garden let the rich-breath'd briar fence enfold,
 "And lilac and laburnums bud, in purple and in gold,
 "The proud may pass and mark with scorn, my lowly tenement—
 "What is a pillar'd palace to the cottage of content?
 "When one hath known the world too well, grown weary of its
 ways,

"Sweet are a refuge and a rest, in our declining days.
 "Calmly to ponder o'er the past, and wait life's coming even,
 "To turn from earthly vanities, and fit the heart for heaven!"

* * * * *

And now 'tis night, and blazing bright the tapers on the wall,
 Fairladies and blythe youths are garb'd, and gathered in the hall,
 In sooth it was a pleasant sight, to mark that night's display
 Of youth and beauty round the room, in festival array.
 A constellation of all charms of woman-kind was met;
 Bright samples of the blue-eyed *blonde*, and the black-eyed
 brunette,

With sylph-like shapes, in silken sheens, of fair and varied hues,
 And satin sandall'd feet that might fit Cindereila's shoes!
 Their brilliant gems, their braided hair were rivalling in brightness,
 And pearls grew pale on speckless necks, in envy of their whit-
 ness.

Each change of charms as lovely as the beings of the brain,

That painters love to body forth and poets love to feign :
 Like beauteous buds mid lovely leaves, that spangle the *parterre*,
 Of different dyes, in orient climes—yet every flower is fair,
 That hall, that hour, it had but been an easy part to prove
 A bower of the beautiful—a levee-day of love.

And who art thou, from the “far west,” my fair, my gold-hair’d
 girl,

Whose ruby lips, arch’d with a smile, show gems of purest pearl.
 And breathe, as doth the budding rose, “the breath of the sweet
 south,”

The shape of Cupid’s shaftless bow?—I love a pretty mouth !
 Mouths were not made to munch alone—for Madams or for
 Misses, [kisses !

O ! they were meant for witching smiles, and far more witching
 But hark ! the music hath begun, and each well-mated pair
 Moves through the mazes of the dance, with graceful ease and air,
 And ever warmer grows the heart, as warmer grows the heel,
 Or in the good old country dance, or last-come-out quadrille :
 And *vive la Valse !* as, side by side, or whirling round, they go,
 Or now in graceful groups they twirl “the light fantastic toe.”
 Another measure has struck up—a buoyant one and glad,
 And through the bending floor careers the glorious gallopade.
 All hail exhilarating dance, whose bounding time and tramp
 Make the breast labour with its breath, brows dizzy grow and
 damp.

O ! let not now the minstrel’s notes of merriment be vain,
 But let the heel and let the heart beat to the stirring strain !

Trip to the merry measure,

Youth and lady bright !

Pain must yield to pleasure,

Grief be glad to night !

Music's blithest voice invites us,
 Rapture's sweetest thrill excites us,
 While the pipe and tabor play,
 Trip away ! Trip away !

Trip to the merry measure,
 Maidens, while ye may,
 Time's a transient treasure,
 Fleeting fast away !
 Swiftest ever when the sweetest,
 Now his wing shall flap the fleetest,
 Over gladdened hearts and gay—
 Trip away ! Trip away !

Time when plumed by pleasure,
 How it hastes away,
 Hours like moments measure,
 Months but seem a day !
 When such fairy feet are dancing,
 When such peri eyes are glancing,
 Where such gifted minstrels play,
 Trip away ! Trip away !

How light—how fleet thy footsteps, Time ! but we thy track
 may trace

Upon the bent and failing frame, and furrows of the face,
 But deeper far thy foot-prints shew, than on the scalp and skin,
 Than all the waste thou mak'st without—the void thou mak'st
within,

When ta'en from us th'exulting pulse, and tamed our earlier
 power,

To suck the honey, and not find a thorn lurk'd in the flower.
To mingle with an aged breast the revels of the gay,
To mark youth's wild and fresh delight—and *feel* our own
decay! [more,

Alas! for me, my feet shall move through mirthful dance no
I'm getting old and very fat—my daffin time is o'er.

There was a time, but *lang sin syne* the first I was I ween,
To trip with maidens in the hall, or lasses on the green,
When ancient Yule to every home and every heart brought cheer,
Or Hugmanae had gathered us, to hail a blythe new year!
Through the long night, till broad day-light, I've footed it full
fain,

And ever claimed the good old right—to kiss and come again.

O! these were happy days, I ween—too happy all to last,
Ah me! what difference is between the present and the past!
With other good old folks I feel the force of this old phrase,
“There's nothing like the good old times.”—O nothing now a
days! * * * * *

Another night and trembling bright, in thousands high in heaven,
Muste and meet the stars to keep the vigil of the even;

O! ever blessed be their beams, and hallowed be the hour,
When wearied labour seeks the couch, and watchful love the
bower!

When all is still o'er vale and hill, and all is calm above,
When night out-spreads her covering shades—like to a dark-
winged-dove,

And bids the heart be hushed to rest, or lures the mind to muse,
While heaven seems to weep for earth, in soft descending dews;
That time which wakes the nightingale its warblings in the
bower,

Or fitful screams the hermit owl, that haunts the ruined tower.
That hour when deep devotion, through the dewy air and dim,
Sends up the evening prayer for peace, or chaunts the Vesper
hymn.

O! then by wood and water-side to wander all alone,
When blend their murmurs like a strain of music's mellowest
tone,

When sweetly comes upon the ear—far over down and dell,
The softened buzz of busy life—or village evening bell!
Yes, there—where wakes the ancient peal the curfew's solemn
sound,

Amid the silence of the night, from holy fanes around,
Reclining on some mossy bank, beneath some aged tree,

O! G——m—sweet G——m—one pensive hour in thee!

* * * * *

My name, my note, may last as long's the letters which the hand
Before the advancing wave hath traced upon the swamping sand
Of me the memories of men shall never deign to dream:

A bubble born to float an hour, then burst upon the stream,

Yet grieve I not—I share the fate of millions of my kind,

How few of myriads gone before have left a mark behind,

Much may be in this to condemn, and little to commend,

Yet may I hope nought that will make a foe nor mar a friend,

Would it were worthier than it is—but that may never be,

Pride, praise, and fame have long—long seem'd but vanities
to me. [fair;

I may have had in other days dreams wildly form'd and

Ere on my brow were writ the wrinkle characters of care,

I feel not now as I have felt—ere life were in its prime,

When Hope, the enchantress, vision'd forth such views of after
time,

That made the world a garden bloom to sanguine youth's rapt
 But, melting now, the eye turns back on mournful memory, [eye,
 And darker as our days pass by, the forward prospect seems,
 And sadder comes upon the mind our retrospective dreams.

To feel a-weary of the world, in spirit lorn and lone,
 Homeless and hopeless ! none to care or comfort us—not one :
 With erring passions still as strong and wayward of the will,
 That wake the cankerworm within that death alone can kill ;
 A shattered bark cast far away, that haven hath, nor helm,
 That winds still waft and billows bear, to wreck, to overwhelm.
 And such is life's experience, from its mysterious source,
 Back to the same, to nothingness, it holds its chequered course ;
 To the nothingness of nature, snatched from its breathing scene,
 And in the future we shall be as we had never been.

Yet stay, weak mortal 'mid the desolation of thy heart, [part,
 When fails the reed thou'st trustedst to, and cherished things de-
 A precious gift, above all price, thy God to thee hath given,
 A light to guide thy path to peace on earth, the hope of heaven.
 O few and faint our hopes may be—many and dark our fears,
 And rugged be the track we travel through this vale of tears,
 Yet sunny beams will shoot at times, to cheer the dullest day,
 And roses bloom upon the thorns, where wends the pilgrim's way :
 O there are Edens on this earth, and sinless joys and sweet,
 The spot where faithful lovers and where friends with friends may
 meet,

The bower is blest, the home is hallowed, where our hearts were so,
 Where kindness makes us half forget the world and all its woe.
 There is a spot I would speak of, far distant now, but dear,
 Where I have known a bliss unknown for many a long long year,
 Hours have I prized that passed so sweet, and pain that passed so
 soon,

One little *month* of happiness although no *honey* moon,
 There have I felt my heart at home, my spirit in a sphere,
 To find as much felicity as man can hope for here ;
 And met so many kindnesses, all undeserved by me,
 Yet treasured in my heart of hearts the thoughts of them shall be ;
 And be the Hebrew captive's curse upon the hand that now
 Would trace a record of my thanks, should these I disavow.
 O ! Gratitude must be a jest, and honour but a name,
 My soul impervious to the truth, insensible to shame ;
 When I forget that happy home, and them who made it so,
 Let me to feeling every claim, and fair report forego,
 My prayer hath been, my prayer shall be, unceasing upon earth,
 Be joy for ever in their halls, and peace around their hearth,
 The pretty cherub prattlers—who that home make all but Hea-
 ven, [even.
 Though to their noisy mirth may ring the roof-tree, morn and
 O ! fair art thou to look upon—sweet landscape of the lake,
 And lovely art thou in thyself and lovelier for the sake
 Of friends whose home on Beaully's banks smiles to the southern
 shore ;
 Twixt Ord of Kestock and the hill that shelters lone Coulmore.

* * * * *

I may not hope the pangs I feel by those I love are felt,
 For me that aching heart will heave, or mournful eye will melt,
 Yet will I trust, though absent, all unworthy though I be,
 At times will wake a tender thought in memory of me.
 All hail, sweet Spring ! thou comest again with sunny sprinkling
 showers,
 I greet thee in the greenwood side, in Bushy's chesnut bowers,
 From Richmond's terrac'd hill I mark thy advent on the plains,
 Or muse on Windsor's castled height, or storied mead of Staines.

Soon shalt thou bloom in gladsome green, thou villa-dotted vale,
 When the tall poplars' lightsome leaves shall vibrate in the gale,
 Sweet Sheen! where erst the Druid Bard, with spirit rapt, would
 range,

And saw the seasons in their change, their charms in every change,
 Or by the classic Poet's grot, and Walpole's gothic grove,
 And other scenes I long have loved—and must for ever love.

O! Thames, fullsoon the shadowy trees shall tremble in thy tide,
 How pleasant then thy pastures are, when, wandering side by side,
 With those that view and feel with us the charms that Spring
 displays,

The dear and undivided since the date of other days ;

All Hail sweet Spring! I mark thee o'er the spangled meadows
 sport,

[his Court,
 Where Wolsey built his cloister'd home, where Cromwell held
 Again in you, ye gardens fair— enraptured let me roam,
 And there the *Wanderer* shall find a *Welcome* and a *Home*!

A SCOTTISH MERRY MAKING.

HARK ! the merry music soundin',
 How it glads us ane and a',
 Mark the lighted ha' surroundin'
 Lasses bonnie, blithe an' braw !

May our frailty be forgiven
 Gif, throughout this joyous night,
 We may think our hearts in heaven :
 Sae transported wi' delight !

Can we see sic bonnie lasses,
 An' nae prie ae smilin' mou ?
 Can we toom sic glorious glasses,
 An' forbear frae gettin' fou ?

Is there ane that lo'es not woman,
 Even as a second sel,'
 Tho' his beard's like birse, he's no man,
 Hatefu' baith to heaven and—

Dinna deave 's wi' cat-gut scrapers,
 Born an' bred in far-aff parts ;
 Minuet and cotillion capers,
 Shew na here sic apish arts.

Dinna lat this fluir be shauken
 Wi' your feckless French quadrilles ;
 Roset nae your bows to wauken
 Waltzes for our heavy heels.

Wauk that music's wilder measure
 Which the honest heart can gie ;
 Sense o' sweetest, purest, pleasure,
 Scotia's matchless minstrelsie !

Feshna here the kicks o' Fashion,
 Swith ! awa' wi' bows and scrapes,
 Dinna put us in a passion
 Wi' your stinted schule-taught steps.

Knack your thum's wi' heuch ! and hollo !
 Clap your hands, and reel an' set,
 Ither fowks may fashions follow,
 We will keep up auld style yet !

See yon mimic o' a monkey,
 Booin' like a willow wan'
 Like to some French friz or flunkey,—
 Like to onie thing but man.

When our heels the maist are heichten'd,
Mark how cannilie he gaes,
Ane wad think the fule was frichten'd,
Lest he birzed his bits o' taes.

Wha could here sit sad or sulky?
Wha that has the use o' lugs?
Wha but loup tho' auld and bulky,
Licht as life in buits or brogues?

Even frae the bed o' sickness
Scotia's strains might gar us spring
Thro' the figure, wi' the quickness
O' a swallow on the wing!

Till the morn, at sax or seven,
Keep it up wi' meikle glee,
Wha daurs doubt there is a heaven,
Bid him here but wait awee!

THE LAND O' CAKES.



Air—"THE BLACK WATCH."

THE Land o' Cakes! the Land o' Cakes!
 O! monie a blessing on it,
 Its hills and howes—its linn's and lakes,
 The bagpipe and the bonnet;
 The braes that bred the kilted Clans,
 That cowed the Dane and Roman,
 Whase sons hae still the hearts and han's
 To welcome friend or foeman!
 Then swell the sang—baith loud and lang,
 As echo answered never,
 And fill ye up and toast the cup,
 The Land o' Cakes for ever!

Fair flower the gowans down our glens,
 The heather up our mountains,
 The harebells hing round wizard dens,
 And fairy-haunted fountains ;
 The milk-white thorn—the gowden broom,
 For lovers' trystin' bowers,
 Net even Eden's sel' in bloom
 Unfaulded lovelier flowers !
 Then swell the sang, &c.

Be scorn'd the Scot—within whose heart,
 Nae patriot flame is burning,
 Wha kent nae grief frae hame to part—
 Nae joy when back returning !
 Nae love for him in life shall yearn,
 Nae tears in death deplore him,
 He hath nae Coronach—nae Cairn,
 Wha shamed the land that bore him !
 Then swell the sang, &c.

When flows our quaich in Highland glen,
 In Lawland hall our glasses,
 We'll toast auld Scotland's honest men—
 Thrice o'er her bonnie lasses !
 And deep we'll drink—the Queen—the Kirk,
 Our country and our freedom,
 Wi' braid claymore, skein-dhu and dirk,
 We're ready when they need them !
 Then swell the sang, &c.

THE FALSE-SWORN!



SHE weeps amid the splendour
 That gilds her alter'd state,
 Though gladsome ones attend her,
Her heart is desolate ;
 Yes ! gold and gem may glitter
 On breast and brow so fair,
 Yet feelings deep and bitter,
 And aching thoughts, are there !

Soft music's sweetest measure,
 Rich blossoms breathe in vain,
 Her banish'd peace and pleasure
 They never can regain ;
 The humble hawthorn bower,
 With *one's* voice on her ear,
 At twilight's vigil hour,
 Were far more sweet—more dear !

She oft recalls the wild wood,
Where vowed she *him* her truth,
The chosen from her childhood,
A dying peasant youth !
False-sworn ! she feels severely
The ruin she has wrought,
And state and store how dearly
A broken vow hath bought !

ALVA.



HAVE ye been on the braes by the brig of sweet
Alva, [sea,
Where winds the dark Deveron slow to the
Saw ye ever bonnier braes than at Alva?
Tell me where—tell me how, can there bon-
nier be,
Of rock and of river—of braeside and bower,
A scene of enchantment—more varied and
sweet; [shower,
The smile of the sunbeams—the tears of the
The kiss of the summer gale never may meet!

The walks in the woodlands, what pathways of
pleasure!
All fragrant with flowery thickets of thorn,
Where many a bird to its merriest measure
Awakens the music that welcomes the morn!

Yet, sweetest of all, when the shadowy even,
Descends on that spot with the wings of a dove,
When the waters reflect back the stars of high
heaven, [love!
Like the eyes of the lovely we look on with

Not the Land of the Promise—the pasture-clad
Prairie—

To Israel's hope—to the emigrant's heart;—
Not the Edens of bliss—nor the regions of
Faery,

Rapt visions to pilgrim and poet impart,
Oh! Alva, sweet Alva! were prospect more
pleasant, [hast;

For all I would have, or could hope for, thou
And, alas! to behold thee, the joy of the present,
Must soon—ah! too soon—be a pang for the
past!

TO ———



THE rose-fair cheek—the star-bright eye,
 And raven dark the ringlet's dye—
 The radiant brow, and rounded neck,
 In vain the pearls aspire to deck
 The lips whose smile the semblance show,
 Fair as the love-god's fabled bow ;
 I marked these charms—these all are thine,
 Thou loved of many hearts—and mine !

I marked these charms—and I have fed
 My heart on hopes—that all have fled ;
 I bear the pangs that none may know,
 The love I never dare avow.
 Whate'er his store—whate'er his state
 Who shares thy feelings and thy fate,
 Bliss above his must be divine,
 Thou loved of many hearts—and mine !

VICTORIA.

WRITTEN ON THE ACCESSION OF HER MAJESTY.

—◆—
Air—"Whistle o'er the lave o't."

THE land that wept its sovereign Lord
 Now wakes for her a happier chord,
 Wha bears the sceptre and the sword,
 Our Maiden Queen Victoria!
 Then blaw the reed, and strike the string,
 Till merrie England's greenwoods ring,
 While peer and peasant shout and sing
 God save the Queen Victoria!

Green Erin, that, from end to end,
 Hath mourned a father and a friend,
 Will now a lay of gladness lend
 To greet the fair Victoria.—
 Her wrongs and woes forget awhile,
 Unbend her brows with blithesome smile,
 And hail the Queen of her green isle,
 Her youthful Queen Victoria!

Land like mine own, of hills and vales,
 Of ancient tongue, and ancient tales,
 Thy hearts and harps awake, thou Wales,
 To greet thy Queen Victoria !
 O ! soon may princely brows assume
 " Ich dien," and thy triple plume,
 A bud well worthy of the bloom
 Of England's rose—Victoria !

And thou, dear country of the north,
 Hast wailed departed, royal worth,
 Shall not thy voice of joy go forth
 To welcome young Victoria !
 Thy native pipe—shall it be still ?
 Thy Nor'lan' hearts—shall they be chill ?
 No ! send the shout from hill to hill,
 Victoria ! Victoria !

From Labrador to farthest Ind,
 Where rolls the wave—where roams the wind,
 Extends an empire unconfined,
 That owns thy sway Victoria !
 Its flag from staff and gaff unfurled,
 Free as the breeze by which 'tis curled,
 Shall, blazoned, bear wide o'er the world
 Thy fitting name, Victoria !

What name shall fill our feast-cup high—
In battle be our conquering cry?
Shall not the quick and loud reply
Of Britons be Victoria!

While woman's cause is manhood's care,
Shall British born befriend the fair,
And arm to aid, and heart to dare,
Shall meet thy call, Victoria!

O! thine be many years to come,
A life beyond the Psalmist's sum,
With peace abroad, and joy at home,
A golden reign—Victoria!
And when shall cease thy earthly sway,
When time claims all that can decay,
"The crown that fadeth not away"
Be on thy brow, Victoria!

THE MAID OF MONA.



'Twas deep midnight, and drear and dark
The clouds had closed o'er Albert's bark,
And not one star with friendly ray
Shone out to light his homeward way ;
Yet, Albert's heart is glad to night,
For hopes he, with the morning light,
To greet, with welcome's sweetest smile,
The fairest maid of Mona's Isle.

On, on they sweep before the blast,
With straining sheet and stooping mast ;
A few leagues more and he shall stand
Again upon his native land ;
A few hours more and he shall clasp,
In mutual love's entwining grasp—
Hope of his travel and his toil—
The fairest maid of Mona's Isle.

Now, streaming like a comet-star,
A beacon blazes from afar,
And shoots a bright and trembling line
Athwart the dark and heaving brine;
And burns it by his sheltering cove
The wonted watch-fire of his love?
And sits she on the cliff the while,
The fairest maid of Mona's Isle?

The gallant crew have found a grave
Beneath the cold unconscious wave!
A rival kindled on the steep
The light that doomed him to the deep,
When sickness bowed her lovely head
Who erst that beacon fired and fed.—
A maniac now through ruthless guile,
The fairest maid of Mona's Isle!

AULD LOWRIE'S BONNIE MARY.



O! **THERE** were wooers nine or ten,
 Some down the burn—some up the glen,
 Cam' courting daily, but an' ben,
 Auld Lowrie's bonnie Mary.
 Her fame—her name spread far an' near,
 She kept the countrie in a steer,
 An' monie cam' her price to spier,
 Auld Lowrie's bonnie Mary.

The wealthy vowed to keep her grand,
 As onie lady in the land,
 Wad she but plight them heart an' hand,
 Auld Lowrie's bonnie Mary.
 An' ithers deaved her wi' their din,
 O! gentle bluid an' muckle kin,
 But little reck'd they how to win
 Auld Lowrie's bonnie Mary.

At last our Jock gae'd oure the gate,
An' nae oure bauld, an' nae oure blate,
An' woo'd wi' love baith ear' an' late,

Auld Lowrie's bonnie Mary.

An' wha could Jock an' love withstan' ?
Sae he, wi' holy beuk an' bann,
Made her gudewife—whare's he's gudeman,
Auld Lowrie's bonnie Mary !

CHERR

FIVE HUNDRED A-YEAR.



“ Hey for a lass wi’ a tocher.”—*Burns*.

“ Siller and gowd’s a sweet complexion.”—*Allan Ramsay*.

“ Not even love can live on flowers.”—*Moore*.

A BUMPER, my boys ! and I claim to my call,
From the foam to the dreg, for the Maid of
Moorhall,

This girl of ten thousand ! O, could I but get,
For I’m deeply in love, and I’m deeper in debt !
’Tis true that the girl’s very well of herself,
But she’s nothing the worse having plenty of
pelf :

In her face though no lilies and roses appear,
Yet is there no charm in five hundred a-year ?

Then drink it devoutly—believe me, my boys,
 Though love be accounted the joy of all joys,
 Faith, love may be all very well in its way,
 But love's not a laverock to live upon ley!
 The love of that man must be burning red hot
 That alone can keep boiling the family pot!
 My passion is not so volcanic, I fear—
 I'd much rather trust to five hundred a-year!

Say poets—but they say such marvellous things,
 The lyre of Apollo hath got golden strings,
 So I think—for what strain like the guinea's
 clear clank, [the Bank!
 And the notes that can melt the hard hearts of
 O! that is the music the great minstrel meant,
 That drew sighs from faggots, and wrung tears
 from flint:
 No key of the gamut the gold key comes near,
 When played to the tune of five hundred a-year!

O! a lass may be good, though a lass may
 have gear, [be dear!
 And a lass may be dark—yet that lass may
 Then answer again, with your cups to my call,
 The girl of ten thousand, the Maid of Moorhall!

O! had I but her—what a comfort to come,
To lean on my bosom and sing, “ Home, sweet
home !” [I’d hear
When of friends, whom I never had heard of,
Who would find out my merits—FIVE HUN-
DRED A-YEAR !

THE
SOUTER'S ONLY DOCHTER.

THE souter's only dochter,
 Oh ! wow but she is bonnie ;
 An' she's an angel upon earth—
 If ever there was onie.
 She's fair as thocht can fashion,
 She's dear as love can treasure—
 An' day an' nicht I dote on her
 Wi' mingled pain and pleasure.

Her brows, arch'd like the rainbow,
 ' Twa heaven-blue orbs bend over,
 The stars o' love whase influence mak'
 Each looker-on a lover.
 Twa tempting red ripe cherries
 Are the lips o' this fair maiden—
 An' to taste sic sweet forbidden fruit,
 I'd tine a second Eden !

O! wha is this fair wonder—
An' what is it they ca' her?
An' gin ye dinna care to tell,
Sae when, an' whare, ye saw her.
Last year I met wi' Maggie,
Sae fair o' shape an' feature—
An' gin ye gang to Ballater,
Spier for the comlie creature.

I tint my heart for ever
The moment that I met her.
And gin I lived a thousand years,
I never could forget her.
The gentle and the semple—
A' that hae seen hae socht her!
An' I'm out-owre the lugs in love,
Wi' the souter's bonnie dochter!

LANG SYNE!



O! ITS sweet to see the bonnie bark skip,
 Like a roe o'er the silver sea;
 O! it's fine to mark the merrie morn trip
 Like a sylph o'er the flowery lea;
 An' the simmer sheen,
 O' gowd and green,
 Mak' nature sweet an' fine,
 But its far mair sweet,
 When the parted meet—
 The friends o' lang syne!

How fair the fields o'bloom that smile
 Thro' a ceaseless simmer time,
 On some southern shore, or eastern isle,
 Of a warm an' sunny clime;
 But in bloom or blight,
 In lour or light,
 What scenes such charms combine
 As the banks an' braes
 Of our early days—
 The haunts o' lang syne!

Dear—dear is the shade o' the gloamin grey,
To the worn wi' toil or care ;
An' doubly dear hope's morning ray
On the night o' deep despair !
But when noon o' life
Hath pass'd in strife,
O! what joy half sae divine
As to calmly close
Its eve wi' those
We hae loved sin lang syne !

THEY NEVER MET AGAIN!

YOUNG Edward and young Emmeline
Have parted on the strand,
He was the bravest on the brine—
She loveliest of the land.
His ship with white wings, like a dove's,
Sped to the eastern main—
Now bears him back to all he loves
And longs to meet again.

When Edward left his native land,
'Twas peace o'er sea and shore,
But war had bared her wasting brand,
When home his deep ship bore ;
A foeman's bark is at his prow,
And valour strives in vain,
Yet Edward's heart despairs not now
That they shall meet again.

Where pined the captive in his cell,
 Hope dreamt the happy day
Would give him her he lov'd so well,
 Lone weeping far away ;
And after many, many, years,
 He trode his native plain,
But death had dried the maiden's tears—
 They never met again !

THE HOME OF MARY.



THERE'S a cottage lone and lowly,
Where a nameless brook winds slowly,
Where the shade of weeping willows
Trembles o'er the mimic billows :
As the breeze, through bank and bower,
Sues the fragrant summer flower !
'Tis a spot for fay and fairy—
'Tis the Home of my love, MARY !

White the walls, and thatch'd the cover,
Creeps the honey-suckle over !
Round the lattice wild-rose wreathing,
Softly blushing—sweetly breathing !
Where the bee's a frequent comer,
And the joyous birds of summer
Chaunt more blithe, and sport more airy,
Round the Home of my love, MARY !

Home of her, at eve or early,
Lov'd so deeply—lov'd so dearly,
Wildly fair when morn is shining !
Softly sweet when day's declining !
There the summer brightest bloometh,
There the winter gentlest gloometh,
Angels seem to watch so wary
Day and night the Home of MARY!

A HAPPY NEW YEAR!



Set to Music by MRS. PHILIP MILLARD, Authoress of
"ALICE GREY," &c.



"A merry Christmas and a Happy New Year."
Compliments of the Season.



A HAPPY NEW YEAR!—A Happy New Year!
To the friends that are far, and the friends
that are near!
We will fill to the fair—we will drink to the dear
A happy New Year!—a happy New Year!

Here's a health—drink it deep—to the bonniest
lass— [speir !

Her name, by my sooth, their is nae need to
Oh ! we a' ken fu' brawlie wha's best worth the
glass— [Year !

Our love and gude wishes— a happy New

A happy New Year, &c.

And oh ! while we drink to the friends that are
met, [been here—

To the absent and far, whom we wish had
Here's a cup to the foe can forgie and forget—

Our hand and our heart, and—a happy New
Year !

A happy New Year, &c.

There are some worn awa' 'to the land o' the
leal,' [a tear !

We will name wi' a sigh—we will pledge wi'
Why hae joined in our cup and our sang at
blithe Yule, [Year !

An' wi' whom we hoped mony a happy New

A happy New Year, &c.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

All hail!—wi' a sang, to the year at a

Adieu!—wi' a sigh, to the ane on it

Oh! in this may a' mourning be chang
mirth—

A towmon's millenium!—a happy New Year.

A happy New Year!—a happy New Year!

To the friend and the foe—to the far and the
near! [and wealth—

Here's wishing them health—meikle wisdom

And mony a merry and happy New Year!

STANZAS.



A SIGH for the days that are gone !—
The joys that for ever are o'er,
A tear for the friends pass'd away one by one,
Whom time shall return us no more !
Oh ! never !

Oh ! ye days of affection and truth,
Ye were all too lovely to last ;
Too dear were the joys and the friends of our
youth,
That long, long have perish'd and pass'd
For ever !

Yet sweet is the sorrow, though vain,
To the desolate heart doom'd to mourn,
The days that are gone—that shall come not
again,
The friends that can never return !
Oh ! never !

But still the departed—the dead!
Shall live and be present with those
Who all lone and weary life's pilgrimage tread,
Till the grave yield them peace and repose,
For ever !

A FAREWHEEL TO BANFF.

Air.—Miss Forbes's Farewell.

FAREWHEEL to bonnie Banff—fareweel !
 The hour is come I maun awa',
 And what I fear and what I feel
 Are like to brak' my heart in twa,
 I fear that never mair for me
 Shall bloom yon bowers sae gaily green—
 I feel nae ither bowers can be
 So dear to me as they hae been !

Where Deveron wends its darken'd way,
 Thro' woody Alva's rocky den,
 I've daff'd fu' mony a happy day,
 But I was young and thoughtless then.
 And tho' these melting een may meet
 In distant countries scenes as fair,
 My heart will thrill mid scenes as sweet
 Nae mair—oh never—never mair !

At morn I've tript the dewy green,
At evening thro' the lighted ha',
Wi' mony a happy one I ween,
Now weeping that I maun awa' !
Where'er betake—whate'er betide—
The tearful thought shall aft be thine,
Home of my youth !—sweet Deveron-side,
Tho' thou canst never mair be mine !

The parting cup hath wat my lip,
The parting tear now weets my e'e,
The sails are bending on the ship
To waft me o'er the western sea.
Adieu to all that bless'd the past !
The worst to fear—the worst to feel,
On all I love I look my last—
Fareweel to bonnie Banff—fareweel !

MARION GRAEME.



YOUNG Marion Graeme, how fair thou art,
 O ! fair beyond comparing !
 And, Marion Graeme, as hard thy heart,
 That I must die despairing !
 And hard indeed his pangs to prove
 Whom falsehood dooms to sever,
 From all he loves and still must love,
 For ever—yes, for ever !

How often to thy cottage bower
 I've stol'n so late and lonely,
 And deemed thee in a happier hour,
 Mine own love—and *mine* only.
 I reck'd not in a form so fair
 The heart of a deceiver,
 I dreamt not of the deep despair
 That must be mine for ever !

O ! Marion Graeme, false as thou art,
 These bursting tears betoken,
How dear thou still art to this heart—
 The heart that thou hast broken !
Yet in its lone and deep despair,
 Shall love desert it never,
Though peace and hope be banished there,
 For ever—yes, for ever !

LEONORE OF LORRAINE.



THERE came a minstrel, old and grey,
 All weary worn from far away,
 And harp'd and sang at evening fall,
 In proud Knight Hubert's banner'd hall:
 He was a stranger on that strand,
 The vine-clad vallies of Almaine,
 His home was in another land,
 The sunny land of sweet Lorraine.

One lay was of a high-born dame,
 And well proud Hubert knew her name,
 So happy once—but mourning now,
 A broken, or forgotten vow!
 Yet—yet she lov'd him—ah! too well,
 Her's were the passion and the pain,
 Words may not speak—but tears would tell—
 Young Leonore of sweet Lorraine.

Knight Hubert mounts his fleetest steed,
And spurs him to his fullest speed,
Far from the bright romantic Rhine,
Low kneels he at a holy shrine,
And one is bending at his side—

The Maiden hath not loved in vain,
For she is vowed—proud Hubert's bride,
Young Leonore of sweet Lorraine !

FAERY LAND.



O ! HAD I an enchanter's wand,
And could con the words of potent spell,
I would hie away to the dreamy land
Where the merry elves and the fairies dwell,
Some purple bell or bud of gold
My home and my hiding place should be,
And more dear would the floweret's silken fold
Than a marble palace be to me !

On my fragrant couch ere the morning ray,
To be rock'd to rest by the zephyr's sigh,
In the sweetest slumber during day,
Nor wake till the moon was bright and high,
O ! then on the dewy green hill-side,
Deftly to dance through the mystic maze,
And quick as thought in the blossom hide
From the early shepherd's wond'ring gaze !

THE

LAMENT OF THE WARRIOR'S WIDOW.



My warrior love! my warrior love! above thy
 timeless bier, [tear.
 I pour the voice of vain lament, the unavailing
 Still would I fondle o'er thee, all unconscious as
 thou art, [my heart!
 Thou idol of my virgin love—thou husband of

The music of thy manly voice,—hush'd is its
 thrilling tone, [quench'd and gone!
 The fire-flash of thine eagle eye is darkened,
 Sped is the life that warmed thy form—the love
 that warmed thy heart,
 Yet more than all the living are—*dead!*—dear
 to me thou art.

They tell me of thy feats and fall,—the bravest
of the brave ! [thy grave ;
That thousand warriors envy thee the glory of
They tell me that thy death became the hero
and the chief, [love and grief !
But little wot they of the depth of woman's

Thy vassals gloom, with sable show, thy proud
and ancient halls, [scutcheon'd walls,
Thy helmet-plume and banner-fold droop on the
They mourn as warriors who have lost a high
and mighty head, [the dead !
But all for which I lived alone hath perished with

All mute of speech, and slow of step, thy brother
warriors come, [muffled drum !
To bear thee to a trophied tomb, with trump and
I hear the solemn march of death—the deep-
voiced abbey bell, [farewell ! farewell !
And thou art gone,—for ever gone,—farewell !

THE

KING'S COME O'ER THE BORDER.

Written on the occasion of George the Fourth's visit to Scotland, and set to music by MR. JOSEPH DEPINNA.

THROUGH town and glen rejoice,—rejoice!
 Right glad o' heart and loud o' voice,
 For news the choicest o' the choice,

The King's come o'er the Border!

Auld Scotland shame-fa' them in thee,

Wha winna join our jubilee—

We'll a' gang daft wi' mirth and glee,

The King's come o'er the Border!

Thy courts and chambers, Holyrood,

Hae lang been hush'd in solitude,

Now faith thou'lt tremble stane and wood,

The King's come o'er the Border!

The song, the dance, and ruddy wine,

Wi' lords and ladies busket fine,

Will mak' thee look like auld lang syne,

The King's come o'er the Border!

The castle cannons reek and rair,
 Whare banners flaunt sae braid and fair,
 A royal welcome rends the air,
 The King's come o'er the Border !
 A merry peal the Kirk bells ring,
 While joyous thousands shout and sing,
 Huzza ! Huzza !—God save the King !
 He's welcome o'er the Border !

See how the bonfire in the breeze,
 Wi' casks o' tar and clunks o' trees,
 Gars Arthur's seat like Etna bleeze,
 The King's come o'er the Border !
 The startled stars ha'e ta'en to flight,
 For, faith, Auld Reekie's tapers bright
 Mak' midnight clear as braid day-light.
 The King's come o'er the Border !

Come Pipers ! gar your chaunters squeak,
 And Fiddlers mak' your cat-gut speak,
 Ye shanna sleep a wink the week,
 The King's come o'er the Border !
 We'll dance like fairies on the lea ;
 We'll drink like fishes in the sea,
 And cheer his health wi' three times three,
 We welcome o'er the Border !

SONG.



WHEN should love seek beauty's bower,

When—oh when the happy hour

Love hath most prevailing power,

Waking gentle, lute, and lay?

Tis when eve o'er earth is stealing,

Heart to heart hath full revealing,

Tender thought and fervent feeling,

That would all be mute by day.

Night! thou hast the spell to render,

Lips more tuneful—looks more tender,

When the stars with sparkling splendour,

Train the ladye moon on high.

Then—yes then the happy hour,

By the brook and in the bower,

Love with most prevailing power,

Breathes to beauty, song and sigh!

THE BONNIE LASSIE.



O! MET ye Mary down the glen?
 Then ha'e ye seen our fairest lassie,
 And little care I wha may ken,
 To me she is the dearest lassie.
 Her cheek o' bloom and e'e o' light,
 Was e'er the like in onie lassie?
 By a' that charms the soul and sight,
 My Mary is a bonnie lassie.

How blest the gowans down yon glen,
 They kiss the little feet o' Mary,
 The birds that hush their music when
 They hear the voice mair sweet o' Mary!
 Ye stars that light the trysts o' love,
 Say, saw ye ever onie lassie
 Sae like yoursel's or aught above,
 As Mary is—my bonnie lassie?

She's sweet as simmer's morning smile,
As gentle as its eve—my lassie,
And friends may frown and wealth may wile,
But never make me leave my lassie.
By ilka grace o' mien and mind,
That e'er exalted onie lassie,
Say, wha's the wale o' womankind?
O! wha but she—my bonnie lassie!

STAR-LIT STREAM AND GREEN- WOOD GROVE.

Set to Music by MR. JOSEPH DEPINNA.



YE village Bells!—ye village Bells!
 How sadly sweet your evening chimes,
 Waking the sorrowing thought that swells
 A sigh for former—happier times!
 Ye call the bird home to its mossy nest,
 And bid the heart be hush'd, and be at rest!
 And seem to sing, to watchful love,
 Of star-light stream and greenwood grove!

Ye village Bells!—ye village Bells!
 To me your merriest peal is now
 As sadd'ning as the toll that knells,—
 Some wept one just laid cold and low!
 Though ye recall bless'd times of long ago,
 Ye never can the joys that made them so,—
 Of early hope and youthful love,
 By star-light stream, and greenwood grove!

Ye village Bells!—ye village Bells!

Ring on—ring on, your ancient strain;
The music of the past that tells

Of days we ne'er shall know again;
Long may your anthem greet the dark'ning air,
And calm the troubled breast to peace—to
prayer!

And tell the time to watchful love,
For star-light stream, and greenwood
grove!

THE BLUE E'ED LASSIE.



I LO'E thee, lassie!—ah! how weel,
 Nae thocht can reach—nae word reveal—
 As nane hae felt—as nane can feel,
 My bonnie blue e'ed lassie, O.

I lo'e thee mair, sweet Isabel,
 Than sign can shew, or tongue can tell,
 My love—my life—my second sel',
 My bonnie blue e'ed lassie, O.

O! then by lip or look convey,
 How I may wile thy heart away,
 And I will bless thee night and day,
 My bonnie blue e'ed lassie, O.

Say, shall I roose thy roguish mou',
 Or praise thy pawkie e'en sae blue,
 What shall I say? what can I do?
 My bonnie blue e'ed lassie, O.

Should cares combine, and ills increase,
To wreck my pleasure, rest, and peace,
Were life but torment—death release,
My bonnie blue e'ed lassie, O.

For thy sweet sake—for thine alane,
Through toil and trouble, grief and pain,
I'd live to lo'e, and ca' my ain,
My bonnie blue e'ed lassie, O.

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.



IF thou wilt roam the world with me,
 And deign the Minstrel's bride to be,
 With harp and song, the live long day,
 I'll cheer thee on our wandering way ;
 And, oh ! of all the songs, I wake
 The sweetest, fondest, for thy sake—
 Thyself the frequent theme shall be,
 If thou wilt roam the world with me.

I'll wake full many a varied strain
 Of festal hall, or listed plain,
 Of knightly banner, lance, and shield,
 And daring deed on battle field ;
 Or, sing thee, sweet ! at ev'ning hour,
 Of ladye love in Beauty's bower—
 But most *mine own* the theme shall be,
 If thou wilt roam the world with me.

Sweet maid ! in sleep my fairest dream—
Dear maid ! in song my fondest theme—
Down flowery dale, o'er wildering moor,
By castle gate, or cottage door,
Where'er betake, whate'er betide,
Wandering, or seated by my side
Shall harp and heart be true to thee,
If thou wilt roam the world with me.

THE PAWKIE BLACK E'E !



THE Pawkie Black e'e! the pawkie black e'e
 The warmest in grief, and the wildest in glee
 O! I'll never get rest till the day that I die,
 For love o' the lass wi' the pawkie black e'e!

She's blithe as the morning, the blithest in May;
 She lilts like a laverock—an daff's a' the day,
 Like a fawn in the forest—a lamb on the lea—
 But 'ware ye the wile o' the pawkie black e'e!

An' the lassie is dear as the lassie is fair:
 As Heaven to devotion—as hope to despair!
 As the sun to the simmer—the bud to the bee,
 Tho' my peace was the prey o' her pawkie black
 e'e!

O! she's work'd mickle mischief wi' monie ane
 mair,

An' hard is his hap wha maun dote an' despair!
 O! I'll surely gang daft—or I surely will die,
 For love o' the lass wi' the pawkie black e'e!

THE FAIR SUMMER FLOWERS.



THE fair summer flowers
Are faded and flown,
The leaves of the bowers
Wan-stricken and strown ;
Like the hopes of my bosom,
All vanished and o'er,
They are blighted, to blossom
No more—never more !

Yet flowers in the valley
And leaves on the bower,
Shall again flourish gaily
To sunshine and shower ;
O ! as fair will they blossom
As those gone before,
But new hopes in my bosom,
No more—never more !

THE KNIGHT OF NAVARRE!

WITH the mail on his breast, and the helm on
his brow, [lance,
He hath mounted his steed, he hath lifted his
“On! on! my brave comrades! for know ye
not now [France!”
“The guerdon to gain is—the Flower of
Her name blazon’d many a pennon and shield,
Where the chosen of Chivalry waged the
fierce war,
But foremost to win from the foe the red-field,
For his fair ladye-love, was the Knight of
Navarre.

Sound the timbrel, and tabor! the harp and the
horn! [see, they come,
Hang the banners on high,—spread the feast—
And many a one will be missed, who at morn
Marched forth to the battle with trumpet
and drum! [the throng,
Know ye not the wreath’d warrior, midst of
And bright from his breast streams the light
of his star? [and the song
Joy!—joy! to thee, Claire!—hark the shout
That hail thy young hero—the Knight of
Navarre!

**OUR QUEEN
AND OUR COUNTRY FOR EVER.**

—◆—
Set to music by MR. JOSEPH DEPINNA.

OUR QUEEN and our country! come fill, my boys,
fill!

Shall they be unpledged at our parting?
No! in battle as banquet we'll stand by them still,
Or perish their good cause asserting!
Ye sons of the Isles—to the summons up! up!
Devotly the toast I deliver,
O! drink with a deep and a cordial cup
Our **QUEEN** and our country for ever!

O! joy to the land so endear'd to each son,
By many a proud recollection,
And the blessing of God crown the monarch
whose throne
Is fixed in her people's affection!
Where our goblets blush deep—where our sabres
shine bright,
Shall we shrink from our duty? No—never!
Be our song in the feast, as our shout in the fight,
Our **QUEEN** and our country for ever!

STANZAS.



I BOUND me—never to return,
 Beyond the sweeping sea,
 And few will miss me, fewer mourn,
 For ever, though it be;
 A wand'rer o'er the earth to roam,
 To hail no friend—to find no home;
 And many, many' days may come,
 But bring no joy to me!

When down I lay my head to die,
 No tear will melt o'er me,
 And where my cold—cold ashes lie,
 Unknown the spot shall bè.
 A being in the world alone,
 With none to love him, no, not one;
 Yet will I grieve when I am gone,
 Though none may grieve for me!

WE MEET NO MORE.



WE meet no more! we meet no more!
 My feet are on a foreign shore,
 And never shall mine eyes behold—
 And never shall mine arms enfold—
 The face—the form—O! more to me
 Than all the world beside can be;
 Yet though my last lone hope be o'er
 I love her—but we meet no more!

A wand'rer on a foreign strand,
 An out-cast from my native land—
 With what a fate have I to cope,
 Without a home—without a hope!
 The past I trace with bitter tears,
 The future-dream with boding fears,
 The present-suffering deep and sore,
 To know but this—we meet no more!

MY MARY.



My Mary's looks—my Mary's love—
 They make this earth a heaven to me ;
 I kenna how they fare above,
 But here mair bless'd I may na be.
 I seek nae better world than this,
 Wi' sic an angel for mine ain :—
 I couldna dream o' dearer bliss
 Than love and be beloved again !

Her blushing cheeks and balmy lips,
 With Eden's richest rose might vie ;
 Her blue e'e's lustrous light eclipse
 The brightest star that beams on high.
 How could I feel—how could I say
 This world is waste, this life is vain,
 With ane like Mary night and day
 To love and be beloved again.

THAT SONG AGAIN!



THAT song again!—that song again!
That wild and well-known ancient strain!
I oft have heard in other climes,
In former and far happier times!
Though now it comes upon mine ear,
With mournful thought and melting tear,
Yet pleasant still that plaintive strain,
Fair lady, sing that song again!

Sing, lady! though that olden lay
May grieve a heart that should be gay,
Where music's voice and beauty's smile,
To fleet away the moments wile;
But now the distant and the dear,
The past and perished, all appear,
Though brief the vision be and vain,
Sweet lady, sing that song again!

Sing, lady—though I feel not so
As I have felt *long—long* ago,
When life was new, and hope was young,
And fondly of the future sung ;
Ere changing Time and changeless Truth
Had chased the vision'd joys of youth !
Yet would I hear no other strain,
Dear lady, sing that song again !

CULLODEN.

AH! woe to the day when the Clans at Cul-
loden.

Were mustered and marshall'd in battle
array!

O! sad for old Scotland, and fatal as Flodden,
Was the conflict that crimson'd the heather
that day:

For the sword of the Sassenach triumphed by
knavery,

And the might of the mountain-born perished
for aye;

Vain, vain, were the nerve and the spirit of
bravery,

That dreaded not death as dishonour and
slavery:

They fell there devoted—woe, woe to the day!

When the blood of the brave—of the leal and
the loyal,

On the red scaffold reek'd, as of traitorous
knave!

When priced was the head of the rightful, the
royal,

And hunted the high-born from forest and
cave!

Be thy sky ever dark! be thou waste and un-
trodden!

Stern moor! that hath clasp'd gallant hearts
in thy clay!

For Albyn may rue thee—so fatal as Flodden,
And long may she mourn for the clans of Cul-
loden,

Her best and her bravest—woe, woe to the
day!

THE MAID OF AVIEMORE.



WITH frowning front Craigellachie, with awful
brow Cairngorm,
Tower giant-guardians of the Strath, and shield it
from the storm,
Where roams she by Kinrara's woods, Loch
Alvie's silent shore,
The fairest on the Banks of Spey—the Maid of
Aviemore !

The day was cloudy when I came, yet closed so
clear, so mild,
That lovely were to look upon the mountains vast
and wild,
And lured her forth through weeping birks, to
trip the greensward o'er,
The fairest on the Banks of Spey—the Maid of
Aviemore.

So raven dark her ringlets drop around her
 radiant brow,
Like a curling cloud in a moonlight night above
 Benaven's snow,
And then her eye so eloquent an angel might
 adore
The fairest on the Banks of Spey—the Maid of
 Aviemore.

Loch an Eilan on thy lonely banks, ah ! would
 I had a home,
With her in fond companionship through all my
 days to come,
Let vain ambition crave for state, and avarice
 covet store,
Much more were mine had I but her—the Maid
 of Aviemore.

Oh ! would that we had never met, or met no
 more to part,
I ne'er had known the undying flame that de-
 solates my heart ;
Still must I love, though love be lost, and hope
 be quenched and o'er,
The fairest on the Banks of Spey—the Maid of
 Aviemore.

TO SEA:



To sea ! to sea ! and give the gale,
My jovial freres, the bending sail,
And shape our course through foam and spray,
To other shores—away ! away !
The soft, the parting hour is past,
Then crowd the canvas on the mast,
The breeze comes fresh, our bark goes free,
My gallant mates ! to sea ! to sea !

As Arab scours the waste, we sweep
The trackless desert of the deep.
Now hark ! the glad wind harps aloud
Its fitful strain on sheet and shroud ;
Now mark the billows leap along
Rejoicing in the joyous song
The seaman trolls with boundless glee—
Bear on my bark ! to sea ! to sea !

Who turns to trace, with tearful eye,
The land that fades 'tween sea and sky ?
Dash off the drop that starts to streak,
With maudlin stain, a seaman's cheek !
To all we love and leave behind
Farewell ! and welcome wave and wind !
Good speed with them, and speed with thee,
My gallant ship ! to sea ! to sea !

SCOTLAND.

Old Scotland, thou art waste and wild,
 And cold the sky above thee ;
 Yet I have loved thee from a child,
 And will for ever love thee !
 Where first the warm and living breath
 Heaved my unconscious bosom,
 And would I o'er my bed of death
 Thy heather-bells may blossom !

I love thee for the joys of yore,
 By burn, by brae, and wildwood ;
 For border lay, and bardic lore,
 So cherished from my childhood ;
 And thine the unconquered hills that rang,
 Of old, from cliff and corrie,
 To Fingal's fame as Ossian sang
 The ancient strain and story !

Where Wallace wight with doughty deed,
Thy hallowed cause asserted,
And, though he won the martyr's meed,
The southron thrall averted.

Where led the Bruce of Bannockburn
His band of warrior brothers,
And made the Saxon monarch mourn,
With Saxon maids and mothers ;—

Thy sons still like their sires of eild,
The valiant—the victorious—
Have coped, in many a later field,
With gallant men and glorious,
Still with thy lion-rampant forth,
Shall march in martial order,—
A Donald from the Alpine North—
A Douglas from the Border !

THE BIRKS OF ABERGELDIE:

WILD they bloom and bonnie, O,
 Bonnie, O—bonnie, O;
 Wild they bloom and bonnie, O,
 The Birks of Abergeldie.

Let cauldrie hearts seek out the south,
 But gie me back the bowers o' youth,
 Tho' wild the countrie and uncouth,
 Round the Birks of Abergeldie.

Wi' gleesome speed the burnie rins;
 Wi' merry murmurs lowps the linns,
 Thro' purple heather—gowden whins—
 And the Birks of Abergeldie.

The birdie liltis its blithest lay,
 Frae rosie morn till gloamin grey,
 And flits about frae spray to spray,
 'Mang the Birks of Abergeldie.

O! tell na me o' fruit an' flower,
In southern grove or eastern bower,
Be mine, until my dying hour,
 The Birks of Abergeldie!

Wild they bloom and bonnie, O,
Bonnie, O—bonnie, O;
Wild they bloom and bonnie, O,
 The Birks of Abergeldie.

THE BONNIE BLUE E'E.



O ! LOVE to the lass wi' the bonnie blue e'e,
 O ! love to the lass wi' the bonnie blue e'e,
 Though sma' be her tocher, and low her degree,
 Here's love to the lass wi' the bonnie blue e'e !

The blue e'e o' beauty how sweet and how
 dear, [bright tear,
 When dipt in the dew of a trembling
 And blithe is the smile in its sunshine o'
 glee,
 For love's in the light o' the bonnie blue e'e.

There's meikle o' mischief in ebon-black
 een,
 As weel I may say to my sorrow I ween,
 A Will-o'-the-Wisp blinks their wild fire to
 me, [e'e.
 But the beacon o' truth is the bonnie blue

Thou star of my destiny beaming and
bright, [light,
Thou blue orb of beauty, of love and of
Thou load-star of lovers, my blessing on
thee,

And love to the lass wi' the bonnie blue e'e.

O! love to the lass wi' the bonnie blue e'e,

O! love to the lass wi' the bonnie blue e'e,

Though sma' be her tocher and low her degree,

Here's love to the lass wi' the bonnie blue e'e.

THE MOON SHONE CALMLY BRIGHT.



THE moon shone calmly bright
 Upon the slumb'ring scene,
 Ten thousand stars shone out that night,
 Around their placid queen ;
 A ship hath left the shore,—
 Where shall that good ship be,
 Ere fill the moon one bright horn more?—
 Deep—deep in the booming sea.

“Hark!—heard ye not, but now,
 A wild unearthly cry,”
 They ask with troubled breast and brow,
 And startled ear and eye—
 “Was't the water-spirit's shriek?
 What may the boding be?”
 And a moment blanch'd the brownest cheek,
 On the deep and booming sea.

“What fear?—the breeze to night
Can scarce a ripple wake, [white,
And slow moves our ship with her wings of
Like a swan o’er a moonlit lake !”

Ah ! little dreamt they then
The change so soon to be,
And arose the songs of jovial men
On the deep and booming sea !

’Tis morn—but such a morn
May bark ne’er brave again,
Through vaulting billows—tempest-torn,
Toils the reeling ship in vain !
The waves are hushed and blue,
But where—oh ! where is she,
The good ship with her gallant crew ?
Deep—down in the booming sea !

YOUNG MARY.



YOUNG Mary by the burn,
 I lo'ed her o'er them a' !
 But Mary by the burn
 She's wedded and awa',
 She's wedded and awa',
 And I maun hope nae mair,
 But live to love thro' a'
 The future o' despair !

The laverock lo'es the morn,
 The merle the evening close,
 The lintie lo'es the thorn,
 The nightingale the rose ;
 Sae lo'ed I Mary's bower,
 But how I lo'ed hersel',
 O ! words wad need the power
 O' Angel's tongue to tell !

Young Mary to yon burn,
That wimples in the west,
May never mair return
To bless as she hath bless'd.
My blessings gang the gate,
My love and peace ha'e gane,
Tho' mine maun be his fate
Wha lives and loves in vain!

SONG.

Set to Music by MR. D. LEE.

'Twas a good and a gallant show,
As they muster'd for the fight,
With the plated breast, and the plumed brow,
And the lances bare and bright ;
From polish'd helm and burnish'd shield,
Blaz'd back the morning sheen,
And forth they rode to the battle field,
With a gay and a dauntless mien.

In truth 't was a glorious sight
To mark their brave array,
As on they tramp'd with hearts as light
Had it been a festal day ;
And their crested banners curl'd and spread
In pride o'er the dancing plume,
And each warrior vow'd, as he kiss'd his blade,
For a triumph or a tomb.

But ah ! how chang'd, at the evening close,
The few who return'd again,
For victory shadow'd their laurell'd brows
With the cypress for the slain.
But glory to their names who fell,
A nation's rights to save,
And loud let the trumpets' clarion swell
All honour to the brave.

THE TARTAN PLAID.



Set to Music by MR. JOSEPH DEPINNA.

O! THE bonnie Tartan plaid,
 The ancient highland Tartan plaid;
 For gallant youth, and lovely maid,
 O! well becomes the Tartan plaid!
 The belted plaid and highland trews,
 They blend the rainbow's varied hues,
 And a' true Scots are best arrayed
 When folded in the Tartan plaid.

O! the bonnie, &c. &c.

The garb our gallant fathers wore,
 With pistol, dirk, and broad claymore,
 In highland feud, and lowland raid,
 Their war-cloak was the Tartan plaid!

O! the bonnie, &c. &c.

O! never may auld Scotland view
A traitor 'neath the bonnet blue,
And never—never be it said,
A coward wore the Tartan plaid.

O! the bonnie, &c. &c.

O! LOVELY AND SWEET AS THE
MORNING IN MAY.



O! LOVELY and sweet as the morning in May
Is the maiden I muse on, now far an' away,
As fair may have been and as fair yet may be,
But none half so dear as my Rosie to me.

Her cheek is the blush of the modest young
 morn, [thorn,
Her breath is the sigh of the eve thro' the
The glance of her eye is the diamond of dew
That evening hath set on some blossom of blue.

The lips of my love breathe a music as dear
As hope's, when it charms the forebodings of
 fear ;
She is fair as the fairest of beauty can be,
And dear too to many, but dearest to me!

O BONNIE WERE THE BOWERS.



Set to Music by MR. P. M'LEOD.—*Edinburgh.*

O BONNIE were the bowers,
 And blithesome were the braes,
 And fair and sweet the flowers,
 Sae dear to ither days ;
 When mountain, glen and wildwood,
 We wander'd thro' and thro' ;
 The scenes that charmed our childhood
 Sae lang, lang ago.

When the gowden-breasted gowan
 Was glintin' on the lea,
 And the rantin burnie rowin'
 In music to the sea :
 When the summer beam and blossom
 This heart delighted so,
 Now big within my bosom,
 For lang, lang ago.

When bairns we daff'd the-gither,
Or chased wi' childish glee,
'Mang the hinny bells o' heather,
The wild and wand'ring bee',
O we may roam for ever
This wide world to and fro ;
And scenes see new—but never—
Like lang, lang ago !

My brow may wear the furrow,
My cheek may bear the blight,
And my heart o'er sib wi' sorrow,
Be dowie day and night :
But let this pulse be perish'd
Beneath its weight of woe,
Ere it change frae a' it cherish'd
Sae lang, lang ago.

THERE LIVES A YOUNG LASSIE.



Set to Music by MR. JOSEPH DEPINNA, and sung by
Mr. Templeton.

THERE lives a young lassie
Far down in yon glen,
And I lo'e that lassie
As nae ane may ken ;
O! a saint's faith may vary,
But faithful I'll be,
For weel I lo'e Mary,
As Mary lo'es me.

Red—red as the rowan
Her smiling wee mou',
And white as the gowan
Her breast and her brow !
Wi' the foot of a fairy
She links o'er the lea,
O! weel I lo'e Mary,
And Mary lo'es me.

She sings sweet as onie
Wee bird of the air,
And she's blithe as she's bonnie,
She's guid as she's fair ;
Like a launmie sae airy
And artless is she,
O ! weel I lo'e Mary
And Mary lo'es me !

GAILY CHANT THE SUMMER BIRDS.



Set to Music by MR. JOSEPH DEPINNA.

GAILY chant the summer birds,
 Through the woodlands as they wing,
 Sweet as lovers' whisper'd words,
 Are the joyous songs they sing;
 How sweet when all around, above
 Is beautiful and bright,
 With those who love us, those we love,
 To hail the morning light.

Sweeter when the nightingale
 Charms the bower of the rose,
 And its tender love-lorn tale
 Echo cons at daylight's close;
 O! the enchantment of the Even,
 By fountain gush—or flowering grove,
 That hour is worth an hour of Heaven,
 With those who love us—those we love!

FORTH TO THE FIELDS !

FORTH to the fields with me, my love,
Forth to the fields with me,
Through sunny glade and shady grove,
Our flowery path shall be ;
Where oft the wild-flowers have I wreath'd,
Mid those bright locks of thine,
And where the mutual vow we breathed,
That makes thee ever mine—my love,
That makes thee ever mine !

But where the blossoms shall I seek
So sweet—so fair as thou,
The rose would wither on thy cheek,
The lily on thy brow !
With violet's bloom might vie thy breath,
When those sweet lips of thine
Confess the love and vow the faith,
That make thee ever mine—my love,
That make thee ever mine !

FARE THEE WEEL, MY BONNIE LASS.



FARE thee weel, my bonnie lass,
 Fare thee weel, my ain lassie !
Monie a day maun come and pass,
 Ere we shall meet again, lassie !
Monie a chance and monie a change,
 Ere that lang day we'll see, lassie !
 But where'er my feet may range,
 My heart shall be with thee, lassie !

Fair may bloom my future bower,
 On some far Indian isle—lassie !
 Rich and rare its fruit and flower,
 My wearie hours may wile—lassie !
 But the burn and hazel brae,
 Where we sae aft ha'e met, lassie ;
 I for ever may foregae,
 But never can forget, lassie !

Whate'er betide—where'er betake,
My lot 'mid strangers cast—lassie!
Joy may come, but never make
The present like the past—lassie!
Fare thee weel! the future will
Through peril, toil, and pain, lassie,
Bring me back to find thee still,
In faithful love my ain lassie!

SONG.

THOU'RT sair alter'd now, May,
Thou'rt sair alter'd now,
The rose is wither'd frae thy cheek,
The wrinkle's on thy brow ;
And grey hath grown the locks o' jet,
Sae shining wont to be,
Thou'rt alter'd sair,—but May, thou'rt yet
The May o' yore to me.

Thy voice is faint and low, May,
That aft in former time
Hath woke the wild bird's envious chant,
The echo's amorous chime ;
Thy e'e hath lost its early light,
My star in ither years,
That aye hath beam'd sae kindly bright,
To me thro' smiles and tears.

For a' the signs that shew, May,
The gloamin o' our day,
I lo'ed thee young—I lo'e thee yet,
My ain auld wifie May ;
Nae dearer hope hae I than this,
Beyond the day we die,
Thy charms shall bloom again to bless
My halidome on hie !

THE BRIDAL O' BALGOWNIE.

A LAY OF THE LAST CENTURY.

Air—"Loch Errochside."



It was afore the pease-bread year,
 When meal and maut were scant and dear,
 That fowk forgathered far and near,
 To the Bridal o' Balgownie.
 Frae dawning day to setting sun,
 The like sic feastin' and sic fun
 Was never seen by Dee or Don,
 As the Bridal o' Balgownie.

The saumon-fisher Saunders Main,
 Could thole nae mair to lie his lane,
 Sae Naunie Ga'in he made his ain,
 At the Bridal o' Balgownie.
 They made a penny wedding o't,
 And monie a thiggin bit they got,
 And monie paid their drunken groat,
 For the Bridal o' Balgownie.

The Fittie fishers a' forsook
Creel, yawl and coble, net, and hook,
And spinners left the Poynerook,
For the Bridal o' Balgownie.

The Spittal wabsters quat their looms,
The Gran'hom queans their reelin rooms,
To shak' their hochs and knock their thooms,
At the Bridal o' Balgownie !

The Braidgeate sparks cam' braw and spruce,
Frae counter-board and countin' house,
And baillies big and deacons douce,
To the Bridal o' Balgownie.

They cam' frae north—they cam' frae south,
Frae yont the Month, and Tap o' Noth,
To cram their craps, and slock their drouth,
To the Bridal o' Balgownie !

O ! there was haggis, and hotch potch,
The standard dainties o' the Scotch,
And kebbucks baith Dunlap and Dutch,
At the Bridal o' Balgownie.

Dried skate, wi' saut, and cauler fish,
And kipper saumon—ilka dish
That hungry kyte could wale or wish,
At the Bridal o' Balgownie.

And down they sweet this choicest cheer,
Wi' brisk brown stout, and hame-brew'd beer,
And how they drank ye needna' spier,

At the Bridal o' Balgownie.

For aye they booz'd the barley bree,
And smuggled gin frae o'er the sea,
Till there grew mickle mirth and glee,

At the Bridal o' Balgownie.

Fu' loud the Garioch callants laugh'd,
The men o' Mar drank deep and aft,
And Buchan bodies danced like daft,

At the Bridal o' Balgownie!

The Alton fowk, tho' aft ahin',
Set to wi' frem't fowk, kith and kin,
To dance them burst, and drink them blin',

At the Bridal o' Balgownie.

I trow the auld fowk crack'd fu' crouse,
The countra claik, and market news,
And bobbit but and ben the house,

At the Bridal o' Balgownie.

But aye the youngers lap and leuch,
And drank—but ne'er could drink eneuch,
And kicket up an awfu' sough,

At the Bridal o' Balgownie!

But a' that on that night befell,
Wha wants to ken maun spier himsel',
For time 'twad meikle tak' to tell,
A' the Bridal o' Balgownie.

But I may say what may be seen,
That, branching like a bay-tree green,
The line and name o' Main hath been,
Sin' the Bridal o' Balgownie.

Then fill the bicker—fill it fu',
To weet the e'e as weel's the mou',
We'll drain it dry 'tween me and you,
To the Bridal o' Balgownie.
Waesucks! we weel may greet and grane,
The days are gane, for ever gane,
O' Nannie Ga'in, and Saunders Main,
And the Bridal o' Balgownie!

THE SHADES OF EVE ARE FALLING.



THE shades of eve are falling
On sunset's rosy air,
The convent bell is calling
To pensive thought and prayer ;
The dew drops gem-like glisten,
The stars burn bright above,
Then listen—lady, listen,
The tale of thy true love.

The breath of Even whispers,
Its tale through leafy bough,
Love's vigil and love's vespers
Are held and hallow'd now ;
For now all scene is sweetest,
Beneath, around, above,
And now the moment's meetest,
To list the lay of love !

THE LAIRD O' M' NAB.



THE Laird o' M' Nab,—he is stalwart and stout,
 He's the wonder and wale o' the land round
 about ;
 For a hero a Greek,—for an heiress a grab ;
 Have you never heard tell o' the Laird o'
 M' Nab ?

The big Irish giant was slender and slim,
 Goliath of Gath but a pigmy to him,
 The brawny M' Gregor, the red headed Rab,
 An infant, in fact, to the Laird o' M' Nab.

Just look to his legs,—round each sinewy calf,
 He measures, good measure, a foot and a half ;
 And in tights from the ladies I've heard in
 confab,
 What a dangerous dandy 's the Laird o' M' Nab.

His eye would set fire to the Thames or the sea,
His oily voice wile the wild bird from the tree ;
For the eloquent eye, and the gift o' the gab,
There ne'er was the like o' the Laird o' M' Nab.

No chief of Clan Alpine hath ever arrayed
A figure so fit for the plume and the plaid ;
E'en in water-proof beaver, and doublet of drab—
Irresistible still is the Laird o' M' Nab !

So powerful a frame, and so perfect a form,
Never bore 'gainst the blast,—never stood to the
 storm ;
So knitted by nature in waft and in wab,
Yet so polished by art—as the Laird o' M' Nab.

Wherever he treads there's a groan from the
 ground ;
When he dances the very stone walls shake
 around ;
He's a lift for a crane—he's a load for a cab,
The broad, brawny fellow,—the Laird o' M' Nab.

He's a man,—if the women but look on, they
 love,
And sore hearts are sighing in glen and in grove,
There is one I could name, if a body might blab,
Is dying of love for the Laird o' M' Nab !

For accomplishments, ladies! what more could
you wish?

He can dance like a bear, he can drink like a
fish;

He can smoke, he can snuff, and of pigtail a
dab

Ever soaks in the delicate cheek of M' Nab!

The Laird o' M' Nab, and the Laird o' M' Nish,
Sat down once to drink like a couple o' fish,
But flat on the floor fell M' Nish like a swab,
While sober's a judge sat the Laird o' M' Nab!

M' Nab before Noah tracks six score of Sires,
Counts kin with dukes, marquises, barons, and
squires,

Let the 'Border Buccleugh vaunt his doughty
dad Hab,

There were hundreds like him—in the line o'
M' Nab!

Where lie his possessions, so fertile and fair?

In the Island of *Skye*, and the County of
Ayr,

Their heritage, held since the reign of Queen
Mab,

Who granted the same—to the Laird o' M' Nab.

He's the Mac of all Macs—that's beyond all
dispute,

From Bullers o' Buchan to island of Bute,
From *ultima Thule* on south to St. Abb,
Broad Scotland exults in the Laird of M' Nab !

Then we'll drink to the first—to the last of his
line ;

We'll drink it in whisky, we'll drink it in wine,
And we'll drink it in swipes, were they sour as
a crab,

Long life and a wife—to the Laird o' M' Nab.(8)

BON - ACCORD.



COME fill a bumper o' the best

That man can mak' frae grape or grain,
Let *clean cap out* our zeal attest

For Deeside dichtin' o'er again ;

And here's a stoup, and hame-o'er strain,
For social souls, at bowl and board,

That winna gang against the grain
Wi' them wha bide in Bon-Accord !

Some grun' is gude for wood and wheat,

And others rich in coal and airn ;

For neeps and nowt, for stane and peat,

Match Buchan and the Dancin' Cairn !

Or folk, frae bearded man to bairn,

By thocht and thrift to hive and hoard—

For horn, corn, woo, and yarn,

Mak' busy folk in Bon-Accord.

Banff ne'er was dung for bottl'd skate,
And Athole ne'er was bang'd for brose ;
But coast or country ne'er has beat
Our ain for haddocks or for hose—
Cauld kail, and castocks that compose
A dainty dish for loun or lord,
And never be they scant wi' those
Wha coup the cog in Bon-Accord.

If back to ancient times we turn,
Our bauld forbears did weapons draw
To fecht for Bruce at Bannockburn,
And be the heroes of Harlaw !
In vain did Donald's bagpipes blaw
Before the "braif toun's" burgess sword ;
Tho' Drum and Davidson did fa',
A proud day was't for Bon-Accord.

The Forbes and the Farquharson
Are ours, and baith are names o' note ;
By Bogie, Deveron, Dee, and Don,
The Gordons hae the guidin' o't ;
Frae Border Tweed to John o' Groat
Can lines o' meikle fame afford ;
But nane mair free o' blur or blot
Than what belang to Bon-Accord.

Still may Auld Reekie her renown
 Uphaud for lancet, law, and lear;
 "Let Glasgow flourish!" trade and town,
 Wi' ship and shuttle, steam and steer;
 May Paisley goods bring Paisley gear,
 The touns on Tay still heap their hoard;
 And nae waur tidings may we hear
 Of our "braif toun" o' Bon-Accord.

"Then Aberdeen and time till't!" as
 The auld wife said at Loch o' Skene,
 The city o' St. Nicholas,
 And be it aye what it hath been,
 As meikle famed for beets and sheen
 As social sons at bowl and board—
 Here's the four Bows o' Aberdeen,
 The braw, "braif toun" o' Bon-Accord! (9)

ELLEN MAR.



It was the spring-time of the year,
When flowers were budding new,
And smiled like fond and trembling hopes,
Through morning's shining dew!
Yet fairer was the blushing cheek,
The blue eye brighter far,
That won the love of many a heart,
That sighed for Ellen Mar.

“Why joins not Ellen in the dance,
The village maiden's trip,
With rapture sparkling in her eye,
And smiling on her lip?”
A seeming stranger question'd thus,
All weary from the war,
“Ah! no, till Ronald Graeme return,
No joy for Ellen Mar.”

Down drops the cloak that wrapp'd his breast,
The cap that veiled his brow,
Rejoice thee, Ellen, for thou art
A happy maiden now.
The morning sun beheld them meet,
And evening's dewy star
Saw Ronald Graeme plight lasting truth
And love to Ellen Mar!

SONG.



I SAW her first—the wild-rose blushed
 Within her cottage bower,
And she in youthful promise bloomed,
 As fair a flower ;
The gayest of the village girls,
 That tript the green or grove,
Ere yet her ear had listened to
 The lip of love !

I saw her next—one summer eve,
 A youth sat by her side,
But 'twas not him to whom was she
 Betrothed the bride ;
They parted—from that very hour
 She shunn'd the green and grove,
To mourn in secret and alone,
 Unhappy love !

I saw her last—two moons had waned
 Since I had pass'd the spot,
Alone she sat—but ah! so changed,
 I knew her not!
And day by day she pined away,
 Like some lorn wounded dove;
The grave is green above her now—
 She died for love!

SCOTLAND FOR EVER !



O ! GRAND was the onset and gloriously ended,
 And reek'd the red earth with the blood of
 the brave,
 Where the armies of nations in battle contended,
 On the field doom'd for thousands—one wide
 gory grave ;
 In the heat of that fight for a loved mountain
 land,
 A shout there arose—which forget we can
 never, [Grand,
 And the "*Vive l'Empereur !*" for *Napoleon le*
 Soon quailed to the war-cry of "Scotland
 for ever !"

They thought of their far distant mountains
and valleys,
And their kindred, that circled the blazing
turf fires,
They thought of the days of brave Bruce and
wight Wallace,
They felt and they fought like the sons of
such sires ;
And the brow of no traitor the Bonnet shall
shade,
The Tartan shall cover a coward's breast
never,
But honour shall hallow the Plume and the
Plaid,
When cheer'd to the onset by "Scotland
for ever !"

Then wreath for our warriors garlands of
glory,
Fill the bowl to the brim—let it flow to their
fame,
And loud let the minstrel's strain swell at their
story,
Who have won for their country so noble a
name ;

Yet still as we raise high the song and the
shell,

Shall the dead of that day be forgotten?—no,
never,

Green—green be their graves on the field where
they fell,

And their names be remember'd with “ Scot-
land for ever!” (10)

THE BANNER OF BRITAIN.

HOIST high the proud pendant, my barque, to
the breeze,
As thou plougest thy foam-furrows swift through
the seas,
All so stout is thy fabric, so stately thy form,
Thou wilt breast like a steed the big waves of
the storm!
And unfurl'd be that flag on the wings of the
wind,
In whose folds are the hues of the rainbow
combined,
The fear of our foemen on shore and on sea,
The banner of Britain—the Flag of the Free!

Before thee hath quailed the proud Eagle of
France,
And, the Crescent hath waned in thy meteor
glance,
Batavia's Broom thou hast shatter'd and cast,
Like reeds, on the waters—like chaff on the blast!
The forts of the Dey, and fleets of the Dane,
And of late, as of old, the Armadas of Spain
Have perished, like flax in the flame against thee,
Thou Banner of Britain—thou Flag of the Free!

Proud Ensign of England!—the battle or blast
May rend thee to rags from a Man-o'-war's mast,
But ne'er shalt thou strike, in dishonour and
shame,
While breathes there a Briton still worthy the
name!

Till men or men's masters in bondage can keep
The winds of the desert—the waves of the deep,
For right against might, sweep and sway the
wide sea,
O! Banner of Britain—the Flag of the Free!

SONGS OF FORMER TIMES.



How sweet the song that pours to pleasure,
When friends hold festive cheer,
And sweet, though even a mournful measure,
May melt the tender tear ;
But when from home our lot is parted,
And cast in distant climes,
Far dearer to the gentle-hearted
The songs of former times.

There they recall, with dreamy power,
The things remote—removed,
The hamlet, brook, and hawthorn bower,
The lovely and the loved !
We roam again some well known wildwood,
We list the village chimes,
They charm in age as erst in childhood,
The songs of former times.

A POET'S ATLANTIS.



AWAY! away! we will sail the sea,
To find some sweet and flowery isle,
In the waste of waters, far and free
From worldly grief and worldling's guile ;
Where the earth blooms ever fair beneath,
The smile of a genial sky above,
There no more the bitter sigh to breathe,
But in bowers of bliss to live and love !

O! may our barque, with favouring gale,
A haven reach on such a shore,
Like the Edens traced in eastern tale,
Or the fairy lands of fabled lore ;
Where life would be one delicious dream
Of the after bliss we hope above,
Reflecting, like some stainless stream,
The hues of heaven, the light of love !

Without regard, and without regret,
We'll quit all we have valued here,
Our wrongs forgive, and our woes forget,
In the joy and peace of another sphere ;
Where the morning breaks with an angel's smile,
And the eve descends like a dark-wing'd dove,
O ! for a home in that sinless isle,
In its bowers of bliss to live and love !

THE HOME-SICK HEART.



How fondly loves the home-sick heart
To ponder o'er the past,
And pines for scenes then far apart,
To dwell—to die at last ;
Though richer vales, and balmier gales,
May tempt the wanderer's stay,
His heart will long to be among
Some scenes far, far away !

O ! memory ne'er can charm us so
As when it bids appear
The fields and friends of long ago,
The distant and the dear !
Though clime and care may waste and wear
The frame to dull decay,
They never will through change and chill
The love, far, far away !

Yet there for joy to come relies

The heart when faint and low,

To have some green vale glad our eyes,

Its breeze upon our brow!

Again beneath the sky to breathe,

Where dawn'd life's chequer'd day,

What thoughts will burn—what feelings yearn,

When home is far away!

O! GIN I WERE WHERE GADIE RINS.



O! GIN I were where Gadie rins,
 Where Gadie rins—where Gadie rins,
 O! gin I were where Gadie rins,
 By the foot o' Bennachie!

I've roam'd by Tweed—I've roam'd by Tay,
 By border Nith and highland Spey,
 But dearer far to me than they,
 The braes o' Bennachie.

When blade and blossoms sprout in spring,
 And bid the birdies wag the wing,
 They blithely bob, and soar, and sing,
 By the foot o' Bennachie.

When simmer cleeds the varied scene,
Wi' licht o' gowd and leaves o' green,
I fain wad be where aft I've been,
At the foot o' Bennachie.

When autumn's yellow sheaf is shorn,
And barn-yards stored wi' stooks o' corn,
'Tis blithe to toom the clyack horn,
At the foot o' Bennachie!

When winter winds blaw sharp and shrill,
O'er icy burn and sheeted hill,
The ingle neuk is gleesome still,
At the foot of Bennachie.

Though few to welcome me remain,
Though a' I loved be dead and gane,
I'll back, though I should live alane,
To the foot of Bennachie.

O! gin I were where Gadie rins,
Where Gadie rins—where Gadie rins,
O! gin I were where Gadie rins,
By the foot o' Bennachie!

ST. ANDREW'S DAY.



Tune—"The Miller o' Dron."

HERE'S health and hail to Goth and Gael,
 Wha bear the Norlan' name,
 Blithe be they a'—the far awa',
 And happier folk at hame!
 And spend we gowd or but a groat,
 Our drink be what it may,
 Let Scot rejoice wi' brither Scot,
 Upon St. Andrew's Day.

Where'er we live, whate'er our lot,
 Still will I plead and pray
 That Scot rejoice wi' brither Scot,
 Upon St. Andrew's Day.

Some seek the Edens o' the east,
 Some Carib isles explore—
 The forests of the "far-off" west,
 And Afric's savage shore ;
 Still charms of native speech and spot,
 And native springs for aye,
 Will band like brithers Scot with Scot,
 Upon St. Andrew's Day.

Where'er we live, &c.

Some that have won an honour'd name,
 Some that have gather'd gear,
 And others a' unknown to fame
 Or fortune may be here ;
 But be we clad in braid-claith coat,
 Or hame-spun hodden gray,
 Let Scot rejoice wi' brither Scot,
 Upon St. Andrew's Day !

Where'er we live, &c.

Have we not cause to crack fu' crouse,
 When this dear day returns,
 Dear to the land of Robert Bruce,
 The land of Robert Burns !
 Wha better raised the patriot brand,
 And pour'd the patriot lay,
 Than prince and peasant of the land
 That loves St. Andrew's Day !

Where'er we live, &c.

**“The better day the better deed,”
The saying’s auld, I trow,
Those of our nation here in need,
Be they remember’d now;
Each mite on high is treasure stored
We here to poortith pay,
’Twill crown our cup—’twill bless our board,
Upon St. Andrew’s Day!
Where’er we live, whate’er our lot,
Still will I plead and pray
That Scot rejoice wi’ brither Scot,
Upon St. Andrew’s Day! (11)**

THE
MEETING SMILE AND PARTING TEAR!

I've mark'd at morn the lily lea
 Laugh back the smile of blithesome May;
 I've look'd upon the silver sea,
 Gay glancing in the blaze of day;—
 At setting sun I've gaz'd above,
 As heaven in glory shone the while;
 But nought can match the looks we love,
 When lighted with the meeting smile.

I've seen, at twilight's shadowy hour,
 The dew in many a glittering gem,
 Shed lustre over leaf and flower,
 As diamonds light a diadem;—
 I've mark'd the brightest, sweetest star
 That shines in heaven's all-sparkling sphere;
 But brighter still, and dearer far,
 In eyes we love, the parting tear!

There is no brightness beams above,
There is no beauty blooms below,
But angel-woman's looks of love
Can match in joy or melting woe ;
Nor fancy dreams, nor feeling warms,
O'er aught more fondly sweet and dear,
Than these of all her thousand charms,
The meeting smile and parting tear !

THE BONNIE HEATHER-BELL.



THE rose is blooming in the bower,
 The violet down the vale,
 And spreading leaf and folded flower,
 Perfume the playful gale ;
 But for the hill, some Highland hill,
 I quit the Lowland dell,
 To mark, by mossy rock and rill,
 The bonnie Heather-bell.

What blossom drinks the dew of eve,
 So sweetly fit and fair,
 For lover's hand to wale and weave,
 'Mid Beauty's golden hair ;
 It decks the ground and grey cairn'd grave,
 Where heroes fought and fell,
 And crests the Bonnet of the Brave,
 The bonnie heather-bell !

WE'VE DRUNK TO THEM THAT'S
HERE ABOUT.



WE'VE drunk to them that's here about,
We've drunk to them that's far awa;
But fill again, there's ane, nae doubt,
We yet could drink abune them a',
Wha drinks—and deep—fair be his fa',
On him that winna, meikle shame,
As round and round the cup we ca'
A health to her—we need na name!

I gie you joy, wha hae found grace,
Wi' ane that's comely, kind, and true!
I feel for you—I ken the case—
Whom some fair thief o' hearts gars rue,
Though nocht you say, and swear, and do,
Can wauk in her's the *tender flame*,
Yet we're forgiving when we're fou—
Here's health to her—whate'er her name!

O! wearie fa' the womankind,
They've been, sin' first the warld began,
O' winning mien—and wayward mind,
The blessing or the bane o' man ;
Yet after a', do what we can,
The bonnie dears we canna blame ;
Sae a benison gae wi' our ban,
And the wish that some would bear our name !

Auld Adam led a wearie life
Till Eve, in Eden's bonnie bowers,
Was made the first o' men's gudewife—
The fairest o' the garden's flowers ;
Though dearly bought, the social hours,
Wi' dool and death—wi' sin and shame—
We think them cheap, when pass we ours
Wi' her we'll drink—but daurna name.

The waukrife cock fu' loudly craws,
The merry morn begins to blink,
And troth, it's time to wear our wa's
When folk begin to lisp and wink ;
Whate'er we thole, whate'er we think,
In this we'll do and say the same,
We'll brim the bowl, and deep we'll drink
A health to her—that each could name !

THE GLOAMIN'.



WHEN day wanes to the gloamin',
 And night glooms o'er the glen, my boys!
When cogs are fu' and foamin',
 A jovial time 'tis then, my boys!
Let daffin' youth gang roamin',
 By burn and trystin' tree, my boys,
But when day wanes to the gloamin',
We meet for mirth and glee, my boys!

See, the drouthie sun is sinking
 To tipple in the sea, my boys!
But the moon will soon be blinking,
 To brighten lift and lea, my boys!
And the flowers of earth be drinking
 Their cups of hinney dew, my boys!
And the stars of heaven be winking
 Like us—when roaring fou, my boys!

Lest kirk-yard ghaists be gliding,
At night's mirk eerie noon, my boys!
Or witch or warlock riding
On broomsticks, to the moon, my boys!
Lest kelpie wait our guiding,
Across the speated stream, my boys!
A' evil snares avoiding,
We'll wait the morning beam, my boys!

Gie me—gie me the gloamin',
When light wanes in the west, my boys!
It is the hour for roaming,
It is the hour for rest, my boys!
Here's love to winsome woman,
And luck to honest men, my boys!
O! when day wanes to the gloamin',
A jovial time 'tis then, my boys!

THE ROSE OF ROTHIEMAY.



At morn young Rose tript o'er the green,
At evening through the hall,
And ere young Rose had wist, I ween,
Love laid her heart in thrall ;
O ! love—a blessing or a bane—
Can never steal away
The heart and peace of one again,
Like Rose of Rothiemay !

She danced with Allan of the Glen,
She sat by Allan's side,
She loved him—but she loved in vain—
Another is his bride !
Yet, in the depth of her despair,
The love knew no decay
That wrecked the heart and form so fair
Of Rose of Rothiemay !

Soft as the rainbow in the sky,
That melts amid the storm,
Or like a lily droop'd to die,
Her fair and gentle form ;
The sun will beam on summer bower,
But ne'er his golden ray
Shall greet again so fair a flower
As Rose of Rothiemay!

SONG OF THE SPANISH EXILE.



LAND! where the olives blossom,
O'er mountain, vale and plain,
Land of my birth and bosom,
My own sweet sunny Spain!
Where rich bowers,
Radiant flowers,
Greet warm skies blue and calm,
Where all of bloom hath beauty,
And every breath is balm.

Where the voice of woods and waters,
Wakes in song-like murmurs, sweet,
Spain's fire-soul'd, dark-haired daughters,
Their minstrel-lovers meet;
Roses breathing,
Wildly wreathing,
Around their bower of bliss,
Where smiles the face of heaven,
On a lovelier land than this?

Here I'd quit the proudest palace
For the humblest home of Spain,
On the vine-empurpled valleys,
On the palm-tree-shaded plain ;
There when pleasure
Wakes the measure,
Beneath the evening star,
To trip through the gay Fandango,
To the gladsome-toned guitar.

Land of my birth and bosom,
When shall thy troubles cease ?
When shall thy olives blossom,
And branch o'er bowers of peace ?
When asunder
Wild war's thunder
No more shall rend thy sky,
And at last the longing exile
In thee may dwell—may die !

AULD SCOTLAND YET.



AULD Scotland yet!—Auld Scotland yet!
 And what for no Auld Scotland yet?
 We'll crack—we'll cry—we'll do—we'll die,
 For bonnie, braid Auld Scotland yet!
 And be't strong drink, or sober yill—
 If but the water frae the well,
 While I've a mou' to wag or wet,
 Here's bonnie, braid Auld Scotland yet!

Let gowks gae simmer i' the south,
 To get them glib and mim o' mouth,
 And tine their guid auld mither tongue,
 That Ramsay, Burns, and Scott ha'e sung;
 Though braid our brogue—be lov'd its lays,
 Bequeathed us down from better days.
 Let schules forego—and scribes forget,
 But Scotland speak like Scotland yet!

Whatever portion of the earth
May claim our breeding and our birth,
However humble, bleak, or bare,
Regard it with a filial care.
A filthy fowl 's the bird at best
That seeks to soil its nursling's nest—
Be never hers sic graceless gett,
But bairns a boast to Scotland yet !

Wha wad deface—wha wad defame
The honest countrie whence he came,
O ! shun the wretch, and name him not,
As fellow man, or brither Scot !
And bless'd be his—and bless'd be he—
In life that is, in life to be—
Let friends beseech, or foes beset—
Cries,—bonnie, braid Auld Scotland yet !

SONG.



Set to music by MR. JOSEPH DEPINNA.

THAN the roses in the bower,
Or the lilies on the lea ;
Than the sunbeam through a shower,
Or the land first seen from sea ;
Than the rainbow when the storm
It so sweetly smiles away,
In thy face and in thy form
Thou art fairer—Ellen May !

Than the golden light of heav'n
To the merry lark at morn ;
Than the closing shade of even
To the weary and the worn !
Than the shadow to the night,
Or the sunshine to the day,
To my soul—and to my sight
Thou art dearer—Ellen May !

O! the Bee shall shun the blossom
Where the honied treasures lie,
Ere the wishes of my bosom
For another breathe a sigh!
All my thoughts return to thee
From their wand'rings far away,
As the wild bird to the tree
Of its nestlings—Ellen May!

SONG AT PARTING.

ONE song—and in sorrow
We breathe our last lay,
For they meet not to-morrow
Who part here to-day ;
Too soon must we sever
Ah ! who may foretell
If for years—if for ever—
Farewell ! oh Farewell !

With mirth nigh to madness
We sped time away,
But gloom comes on gladness
As night comes on day ;
The dreams will be broken
Of happiest spell,
And the words must be spoken—
Farewell ! oh Farewell !

SIR ROLAND.



A WARRIOR sued, in minstrel guise,
 For favour in young Ellen's eyes,
 As lone she sate at evening hour,
 Within her blooming summer bower ;
 He woke full many a lay in vain
 The guerdon of a smile to gain ;
 The maiden's thoughts are far away—
 She may not list the minstrel's lay.

The minstrel now hath changed his strain,
 From lover's bower to battle plain ;
 He sings of banner'd cross and brand,
 And warriors in the Holy Land !
 Of daring deed on field of fight,
 By many a good and gallant knight,
 And now of *one* deem'd far away—
 The maiden lists the minstrel's lay !

The rose-blush deep'ning on her cheeks,
The maiden's heart full well bespeaks,
The wistful eye—the list'ning ear,
The theme how welcome and how dear!
The warrior drops his minstrel guise,
She views with sudden—sweet surprise,
Her true-love knight—deem'd far away—
Sir Roland woke the minstrel's lay!

DINNA FORGET!

(PARTING.)



Set to music by MRS. PHILIP MILLARD.

DINNA forget ! laddie—dinna forget !
 Ne'er make me rue that we ever have met ;
 Wide though we sever—parted for ever—
 Willie ! when far awa'—dinna forget !

We part—and it may be—we meet never mair,
 Yet my heart, as in hope, will be true in despair,
 And the sigh of remembrance, the tear of regret,
 For thee will be frequent—then dinna forget !

When the star o' the gloamin' is beaming above,
Think how oft it hath lighted the tryst of our
love !

O ! deem it an angel's e'e Heaven hath set
To watch thee—to warn thee—sae dinna forget !

By the tears of this parting that flow big and
fast,

By the hopes of the future, the vows of the
past,

O ! whatever beseem, or whatever beset,
Though we never should meet again, dinna
forget !

DINNA FORGET!

(PARTED.)



“DINNA Forget!”—’tis the voice of a spell
 Charming up thoughts of fond lovers’ farewell,
 Heaving the heart wi’ remembered regret—
 Love’s parting wish and words, “Dinna Forget!”

As breathes the bright shell of its own native
 sea,
 So murmur these words of my Mary to me,
 Of the bush where so oft, at the gloamin’, we
 met,
 And the beach where we parted wi’ “Dinna
 Forget!”

'Tis memory's music—it comes on mine ear,
And brings the past present—the far distant
near;

I see her pale cheek wi' the parting tear wet—
I hear her soft voice whisper “Dinna Forget!”

I hear, through the hush of the eve's starry
hour,

In the murmuring brook, in the whispering
bower,

And the bird's summer song when the sun-
beams have set,

The echo of long ago “Dinna Forget!”

LOUI'E FORSY'E.

YOUNG Loui'e Forsy'e ! young Loui'e Forsy'e !
 For her I could live, and for her I could die,
 And never by maiden was heart sae love laden
 As mine, wi' the charms o' young Loui'e Forsy'e !

Tho' coal-black the curls o' her silky hair shew,
 And black as the ebon her gled-like een glow,
 Yet the bloom o' the pea, or the surf o' the sea,
 Nae whiter are they than her breast and her
 brow !

The lily looks fair in the morn's smile o' light,
 The rose blushes soft in the tears o' the night,
 Yet they cannot compare wi' the face o' my
 fair—

Enchaining the soul, while enchanting the sight !

Entwined wi' each fairest idea is she,
 Enshrined wi' each feeling the dearest to me,
 O ! violent but vain are my passion and pain,
 For mine—never mine—lovely Loui'e can be !

HONOUR TO THE BRAVE.



ALL honour to the Brave,
Of stern and stedfast faith,
Who rank where freedom's banners wave,
Devoted to the death!
Who with their blades, and with their blood,
Win glory or a grave—
Or on the field, or on the flood,
All honour to the Brave!

High honour to the Brave,
Whose quick and quenchless zeal
Hath scorn'd the gold of traitor knave,
And dared the despot's steel!
How they have triumph'd, fought or fell,
Man's sacred rights to save,
Let freedom's song for ever swell
In honour of the Brave!

THE BEAUTY O' BUCHAN.



THERE are howes on the Don, there are hills
on the Dee,

That are worthy to sing o' as weel as to see,
And Buchan has glories in craigs and in caves,
The marvels o' masonry work'd by the waves;
Braid Buchan has meikle to brag o' beside,
But now its my pleasure to sing o' its pride,
A nymph—be she nameless, yet sooth 'tis to say,
The Beauty o' Buchan's the Lass o' Lonmay!

The earth's fairest rose and the morn's richest
streak,

They vie but in vain wi' the charms o' her
cheek,

Like the raven her ringlets that rowe down a
skin

As white as the water that louns o'er the linn!

And the blink o' her black e'e is brighter by far
Than the glance o' the dew-drap—the glint o'
the star.

O! woman ne'er walk'd in the light o' the day,
Like the Beauty o' Buchan—the Lass o'
Lonmay!

Cauld and cloudy's the lift—tame and treeless
the lea,

Where Mormon looks down to the shores o'
the sea,

Yet the laverocks lilt blithe o'er the blade and
the braird,

When the gowans glent white on the green
simmer swaird;

And the sun o' the south ne'er unfaulded a
flower

Sae lovely to look on in garden or bower
As her wha hath waken'd my love and my lay,
The Beauty o' Buchan—the Lass o' Lonmay!

A GOOD SHIP WITH A GALLANT
CREW.

AN IMITATION.



A GOOD ship with a gallant crew,
Before a fresh'ning breeze,
We'll wing our way like swift curlew,
Over the bounding seas ;
What life like this may rovers have,
The fearless and the free,
Down yawning gulph—up vaulting wave,
To ride right merrilie !

When pipes the tempest's maniac lay,
And the madd'ning billows leap,
We view with awe, but not dismay,
The wonders of the deep ;
For our good ship is of fabric stout,
As stately she's of form,
Like ocean chief to battle out
The warfare of the storm.

But when the storm, as cradled child,
Hath rock'd itself to rest,
And lull'd or low the winds that wild
Heaved ocean's troubled breast ;
With crowded sail, swan-like and slow,
We'll swim the liquid plain,
And our bonnie barque her shape will shew,
All mirror'd in the main !

Let landsmen love the greenwood grove,
And flowering summer vale,
Our field shall be the broad blue sea,
Our shade the bending sail ;
Where'er hath flag been hoisted forth,
Our roving course we run,
Amid the ice-bergs of the north,—
The islands of the sun !

MY BONNIE JO—MY JEAN.



My bonnie Jo—my Jean,
My cherish'd and my choice,
There's magic in thy een,
There's music in thy voice ;
Need I say what may be seen,
And thou of a' maun see,
My bonnie Jo—my Jean,
I'm in love wi' thee !

O ! fair art thou, my Jean,
The fairest o' them a',
Mang the maidens on the green,
The ladies in the ha' ;
Thou mayst mark it in my mien,
Thou mayst read it in my e'e,
My bonnie Jo—my Jean,
I'm in love wi' thee !

Be joy wi' thee, my Jean,
Thou art—thou ever wert—
The fairest to my een,
The dearest to my heart !
O ! monie hae I seen,
And monie may I see,
But, my bonnie Jo—my Jean,
Nane to love like thee !

FAREWELL TO THE LAND OF MY FATHERS.



FAREWELL to thee—Land of my fathers !
Adieu to thee—home of my heart !
The gloom of the night o'er thee gathers—
Beneath its black scowl I depart ;
Though yon bark bears me over the ocean,
To the arms of the distant and dear,
The heart and the eye of emotion
Would witness of loved ones left here.

For it is not the night frowning o'er me,
That wrings from my breast the deep sigh,
It is not the wroth waves before me,
That bring the big tear to mine eye ;
O ! it is the hard fate to be parted
From friends so devoted and dear,
The kindly, the tried and true-hearted,
That forces the sigh and the tear !

Yes, my country ! thou hast dear ones in thee,
 Dear—dear shall they ever remain,
 And my spirit is troubled within me,
 To think we may ne'er meet again ;
 For joy 'twould be sweetest—sincerest,
 All my heart would of heaven implore,
 Hereafter with those I love dearest,
 To meet and be parted no more !

O ! ye friends so long chosen and cherish'd
 If my hand clasps for ever adieu,
 My heart, till its life-heat be perish'd,
 Will yearn ever fondly for you ;
 Should the future yield moments of gladness,
 How I'll wish ye were smiling with me,
 As O ! in my slow hours of sadness,
 How welcomer far would ye be !

And if time in its course shall have reft us
 Of hopes that were dear as life's breath,
 Shall the last and the loveliest be left us,
 To cheer beyond doubt—beyond death !
 There—there ne'er to sorrow nor sever,
 Be our sweet and our sure hope to dwell,
 In a being of bliss that shall never,
 As now, know the pang of farewell !

MARY AND ME.

O! DULL was my dwallin', and lanesome my life,
 Till Mary I met wi' and made her my wife;
 But I trow the time gaily hath glented sin syne,
 When my heart was my Mary's—and Mary's
 was mine.

Let the bachelor blaw o' his freedom and fare,
 And rail at a married man's charges and care;
 If I've care, I ha'e comforts, the best that
 can be,

For hame is aye happy to Mary and me!

Now howkin' a drain, and now heapin' a dyke,
 Wi' thraivin' and thrashin', and labour sic like,
 Are no just the way to get bonds on a bank—
 The bizz o' renown or the blazon o' rank;
 Yet enough is as good as a feast, says the saw—
 An honest man's name is the noblest of a';
 And smoky and sma' tho' the biggin may be,
 My hame is fu' happy to Mary and me!

What music sae sweet as the bairns shouting
shrill

To welcome their weary dad hame frae the hill!
They climb to my neck, and they clasp to my
knee,

Then dance wi' their daffin', and giggle wi' glee.
In their pleasures and ploys, I join freely and
fain,

Till I feel I am young as the youngest again!
O! there's naething like hame—if sic hame it
may be,

And naething to envy but Mary and me!

THIS WARLD A WASTE OR VALE
O' TEARS.



THIS warld a waste or vale o' tears,
Fanatic fools may ca' that,
There's meikle comfort mid our cares,
Within this warld—for a' that;
The sad may wail, and a' that,
The sour may rail, and a' that,
This warld will do for me and you,
And others too—for a' that.

Is there nae joy in friendship's bond,
When nocht can snap in twa that?
In woman's love? O! bliss beyond
The wealth o' warlds—and a' that;
The sage may teach, and a' that,
The saint may preach, and a' that,
This warld is nae sae bad's they say,
Its dullest day—for a' that.

I'll nae deny the lot o' man
 May monie ills befa' that,
But, if he do the best he can,
 We'll bang the warst—for a' that.
 The faint may fail, and a' that,
 The coward quail, and a' that,
If man thou art—tak' heed—tak' heart,
 And play your part—for a' that.

What we've done wrang we may regret,
 Tho' never can reca' that;
If we've done weel—we'll may be yet
 Do better far than a' that;
 Thro' change and chill, and a' that,
 Thro' guid and ill, and a' that,
Come weal or wae—let come what may,
 We'll live our day—for a' that.

VERSES

ON THE OCCASION OF MR. AND LADY ANNE MACKENZIE
COMING TO ROSEHAUGH.



CHLANN Choinnich, pipe thy loudest lay,
To Eilean Dhu the gladsome gatherin',
Strike up the strain of Caberfeigh,
The pibroch for our plaided brethren,
To hail young Scatwell home again,
At Suddie meet him, ranked and ready,
And give, in Highland style and strain,
A welcome to his noble lady.

Rosehaugh shall be rose-haugh in truth,
When in its shade so fair a flower
Shall bloom in loveliness and youth—
A rose from England's Eden bower;
Be theirs each joy of heart and home,
And, long ere life's calm evening closes,
May yonder honour'd bower become
A bower of many hopeful roses.

From harvest field and herded flock,
 Come garb'd in Gael's folds and feathers,
 Ye men who, firm as mountain rock,
 Would front all weapons—face all weathers.
 Let Lady-Hill, with blazing brow,
 Flash o'er the Firth volcanic grandeur ;
 Meet show for him, we welcome now,
 Of stainless crest—"the sun in splendour."

Let every heart rejoice to-day,
 From Croma's Cliffs to Pap of Jura,
 That claims the Clan of Caberfeigh,
 And owns to "Luceo non uro!"
 Chlann Choinnich, long descended line,
 Down future time, far may it flourish !
 Still may its "flaming mountain" shine—
 Its race the ancient spirit nourish !

Come, muster fast—and marshal forth,
 As oft of old to feud and foray ;
 Shout ! till Ben Wyvis in the north
 Is answered by the Braes of Moray.
 With Highland glass, with Highland glee,
 We'll raise the cup—we'll raise the chorus—
 And toast the pair with three times three,
 Full oft—ere we drink "Deoch an doruis !"

CLAN N'AN GAEL AM GUALIBH A
CHIELE !

AIR—" *Bannocks o' Barley.*"

SONS of the Highlanders ! shoulder to
shoulder,
Wha are the warriors brawer or bolder ?
Garter'd and kilted—buckled and belted,
Here's to the Highlanders ! shoulder to
shoulder !

The names of the North ! Dugald, Duncan, and
Donald,
Evan, Allister, Hector, Hugh, Rory, and Ronald,
O ! there's was the trusty hand—there's was
the true heart
First flew to the field, and last stood for the
Stuart !

Sons of the Highlanders, &c.

Tho' there the white rose on the red heath was
trodden,

Yet foemen have wept for the clans of Culloden !
And Honour still hallows the moor where they
moulder—

The field where they fell, fighting shoulder to
shoulder !

Sons of the Highlanders, &c.

O! men ye will meet with, or read of, but rarely,
Like those bred on brose and the bannocks of
barley ;

Where broad-swords are brandish'd or reeking
guns rattle,

Commend me the clans for the brunt of the
battle !

Sons of the Highlanders, &c.

Success to the sons of the hill and the heather,
The kilt and the sporran—the bonnet and
feather !

Here's "Cothram na fion," when soldier fronts
soldier,

Then hurrah for the Highlanders, shoulder to
shoulder !

Sons of the Highlanders, &c.

A DREAM.

THE voice of the Future awoke on mine ear—
 To tyrants a boding of trembling and fear,
 For by Freedom's proud footsteps the green
 earth was trode,

And man walk erect as the image of God ;
 Loud, loud was the cry and exulting the strain
 That rang from the city and rose from the plain,
 " Send the shout high as heav'n—wide as shore
 and as sea !

" Proclaim the glad tidings—the nations are free !

" Rejoice in the issue of mind against might,
 " In the triumph of truth—in the reign of the
 right,

" For the bigot that fired the hot fanatic's
 brand—

" The locusts that fed on the fat of the land—
 " The oppressor that revell'd in rapine and lust,
 " Are palsied and fallen and trod to the dust !
 " Shout the pæan, ye people o'er shore and o'er
 sea,

" All hail the bless'd advent—the nations are
 free !"

'Twas a dream—yet what augur the Present
and Past,

To man but a blessed millenium at last ?

The prayer of the fettered—the hope of the
free—

Soon, bloodless and full may that victory be !

And woe to the wretch balks that hope and
that prayer—

The life of a leper—the death of despair !

Yet in glory the Future that era shall see,

And sing the glad anthem—the nations are free !

THE
GORDONS HAE THE GUIDIN' O'T!

WRITTEN ON THE OCCASION OF LORD HADDO ATTAINING
HIS MAJORITY.

Air—"My love she's but a lassie yet."

Up! young and auld on Ythanside,
Up! merrie lads and lasses, O!
And busk like bridegroom and like bride
Afore your keekin' glasses, O!
For O! this day will be a day
O' pleasurin' and pridin' o't,
A feast sae fine—and weel it may—
The Gordons hae the guidin' o't!

Come Methlick, Tarves, and New Deer—
Come Udney folk and Fyvie, O!
And drink as ye'd been dry a year,
And feast as ye wad rive ye, O!
Come leave the hook and harvest rig,
The stookin' and the leadin' o't,
The feast bids welcome sma' and big—
The Gordons hae the guidin' o't!

The heir of Haddo's noble line

This day is ane and twenty, O!

Gude faith, the whisky punch and wine

Shall pour in horns o' plenty, O!

Then wha will on his Lordship's land,

That has a hame and bidin' o't,

Be absent frae this gatherin' grand?

The Gordons hae the guidin' o't!

Let gun and pistol flame and smoke,

Wi' loud huzzas rejoice ye, O!

Let bonfires bleeze on Bennagoak,

And on the hill of Ythsie, O!

O! let there be of joy to day

Nae hainin' and nae hidin' o't,

But let the countrie see and say

The Gordons hae the guidin' o't!

We'll trip it gleesome o'er the green,

Wi' lasses blithe and bonnie, O!

We'll drink the heir of Aberdeen,

Wi' happy years and monie, O!

And should we prie a maiden's mou'

They'll no' be muckle chidin' o't,

And should we a' get fairly fou'—

The Gordons hae the guidin' o't!

Be his the wisdom and the worth
 To fill a lofty station, O!
 Among the nobles o' the north—
 The nobles o' the nation, O!
 An honour to his father's house,
 His father's name the pridin' o't,
 That we may crack, and that fu' crouse,
 The Gordons hae the guidin' o't!

And here's the Sire as weel's the Son,
 The Lord o' fair Formartin, O!
 Worth a' the honours worth hath won,
 O' ribbon, star, or garten, O!
 The learn'd and sage he aye hath been,
 His clan—the prop and pridin' o't,
 Lang may we chiefs like Aberdeen,
 The Gordons hae the guidin' o't!

Up! young and auld on Ythanside,
 Up! merrie lads and lasses, O!
 And busk like bridegroom and like bride,
 Afore your keekin' glasses, O!
 Though rough the road—through burn and bog,
 We'll never reck the ridin' o't,
 But lilt our song—as on we jog,
 The Gordons hae the guidin' o't!

THE DEAR ONE.

THOU dear one, I daurna name—happy as
heaven,

In truth maun he be wha is dearest to thee ;
What bloom of the earth, or what beam of the
even,

Like the rose on thy cheek—like the star in
thy e'e?

Thy lang locks, tho' black as the wing o' the crow,
Are twined down a neck in their amorous play,
As spotless—as pure as a wreath o' the snaw—
And look in the contrast like night wooing day !

All, all wha behold thee—divinest and dearest,
Will join in the wish and the prayer wi' me,
That friendship the truest, and love the sincerest,
The sweetest—the purest may thine ever be !
O ! what could I wish for if thou wert but
mine,

But langest o' life then sae blest to excess,
And what could I want—in a fate bound wi'
thine,

But words fit and full all my joy to express !

THE BRIDE OF EVAN ROY.



AT morn went forth the blushing bride,
 Her garments like the snow ;
 But pale was she at eventide,
 In sable weeds of woe !
 The village maidens round her throng,
 Rejoicing in her joy,
 And greet with flowers, dance and song,
 The bride of Evan Roy !

The rain fell fast—the storm is past,
 No longer may he bide,
 He fords his way through flooded Spey,
 To wed his waiting Bride ;
 'Twas wild—the waters whelm him o'er—
 Who, in her hour of joy,
 May tell the tale—he meets no more
 The Bride of Evan Roy ?

At morn each voice laugh'd loud with mirth,
In cot and castle hall,
That on the hill, and by the hearth,
Sobb'd deep at evening fall ;
What maiden chants so strange a strain,
Of fitful grief and joy,
With ruin'd breast and wilder'd brain ?—
The Bride of Evan Roy !

Y O R E.

WRITTEN ON THE FORMATION OF A CALEDONIAN SOCIETY
IN LONDON.



FOR Scotia's sake—for auld lang syne,
 Frae hielan' hill and laigh countrie,
 Wi' kindred love we here combine,
 To share the social glass wi' glee ;
 To hear some hame-o'er lilt or lay,
 We've heard mid native scenes before,
 And be thegither blithe and gay,
 As we have been in days of yore.

We hold to him the welcome hand
 Of Scotia's ancient lineage sprung,
 Whose soul still loves his father-land,
 Whose voice still loves his mither-tongue ;
 Whose heart warms to the tartan plaid,
 Whose hand would clasp the braid claymore,
 When freemen arm to freedom's aid,
 As did our dads in years of yore.

Here fancy stirr'd will fondly stray,
 To broomy knowe and gowany lea,
To hazel bank and heather brae,
 Where sing the summer bird and bee ;
Or haunt the burn or hawthorn bow'r,
 That time the stars are blinkin' o'er,
Whare love has stown a happy hour,
 Wi' Norlan nymph, in days of yore.

Thus thro' life's vale of toil and tears,
 Shall mem'ry lend us to the last,
To gild the gloom of future years,
 Some pleasant visions of the past ;
The thoughts that make us young again
 Will early feelings here restore,
That pledge the stoup and prompt the strain,
 To scenes—to friends and years of yore !

B U R N S.



PRAISE to the poet's name who breathed
 On Scotia's ear the sweetest lays !
Hail to his natal day who wreathed
 The harp with greenest bays !
Was ever name so loved as his
 That o'er the Scottish heart so yearns ?
Was ever day so dear as this
 That bore us Robert Burns ?

Yes ! men and minstrels first among
 Is he whose name we honour now,
Old Coila's son— the chief of song,
 The poet of the plough !
From castle hall to cottage hearth,
 Shall Scotia,—while this day returns
That gave her master minstrel birth,—
 Remember Robert Burns !

Who breathed like him the burning strain
 Of lovers' fervour, hopes and fears ?
 So knew the muse's varied vein
 Of transport and of tears ?
 Or, if to rouse the patriot's soul,
 The spirit that oppression spurns,
 Even to the death to glory's goal—
 Who woke the lay like Burns ?

The wood-lark warbling on the spray,
 The daisy flowering at his feet,
 Gave inspiration to his lay,
 Solemn and sad, yet sweet ;
 The homely feast of Hallowe'en,
 The ancient rites that science scorns—
 The pastimes of old days have been
 Embalm'd by Robert Burns !

“The op'ning gowan wat wi' dew,”
 He twined with beauteous thought and theme,
 The humblest bud the green earth grew
 His song has made supreme ;
 Ayr, Irvine, Lugar, Doon, and Nith,
 Through hazels, birks—or broom, or ferns,
 Gleam in a hallow'd glory with
 The deathless Songs of Burns !

The shepherd in his lonely shiel,
The ploughman o'er the furrow'd field,
The maiden at her busy wheel,
The cotter in his bield,
Have found a language in his lay
Affection loves and memory learns—
The thoughts and feelings, grave or gay,
Of nature and of Burns!

'Mid western forests wide and drear,
On lands beneath the burning line,
Sweet come upon the exile's ear
The songs of "auld lang syne;"
How fancy to the "banks and braes"
Of early youth enrapt returns,
And lives o'er long departed days,
Charm'd by the songs of Burns!

Not narrow'd to his native spot,
His soul embraced all nature's plan,
He that knits Scot with brother Scot
Binds man with fellow man;
His harp the heart-strings of mankind,
Each feeling knew his touch by turns,
And own'd the master hand and mind
Of genius and of Burns!

Wreath laurels round the warrior's name,
With thousands' tears and blood imbued,
Rear trophies to the monarch's fame
For whom the sword subdued;
But time will hush the hireling's praise,
The pile where marbled sorrow mourns—
The pyramid of future days
Is raised to Robert Burns!

For ever cherish'd be his name
To whom the priceless gift was given,
High inspiration's holiest flame,
The light that comes from heaven!
Praise to the child—the chief of song,
And may, as monumental urns,
All hearts bear on them deep and strong
The memory of Burns!

COMMUN N'AN FIER GAEL.



WE come from a country of well proven worth,
 The mountains of Morven—the Alps of the
 North,

Where the hills are historic from far distant
 day,

And each strath and each stream has its legend
 or lay.

Tho' years have swept past since from Albyn
 we came—

Tho' changed be our habits—our hearts are the
 same,

And will here, o'er the bowl with the song and
 the tale,

Be at home on the hills and the glens of the
 Gael.

Strike up on the Bagpipe some Pibroch whose
peal

Shall kindle within us the old Highland zeal,
Whose wild native numbers shall fire us, as when
It mustered from mountain, and gathered from
glen ;

With some lov'd Chieftain's Coronach now
shall we melt,

And feel all the grief that our fathers have felt ;
Then blithe let the strain be when " Hoigh !"
for the " Hail,"

We strive with strong arms in the Game of the
Gael.

Then praise to the Plume on the brows of the
brave,

That never has stoop'd to the crouch of a slave—
And whether it wave in the revel or raid,

The cloak of Clan Albyn, still prosper the Plaid !

To the cap of our country give dignity due,

The helmet of heroes—the Bonnet of blue !

May they merit and meet ever honour and hail,

The Plume, Plaid and Bonnet—the Garb of the
Gael !

GIN I HAD A BONNIE LASSIE.



GIN I had a bonnie lassie,
 Little's left to sigh for,
 Gin I get a bonnie lassie,
 Her I'd live—I'd die for !

A lassie fair and sweet as May,
 How little wad I do or say,
 But daut the dear thing night and day,
 Sae fondly—sae sincerely.

Gin I had, &c.

The bonnie lass wad be a gift,
 Without a plack—without a shift,
 By dint o' thocht—and dint o' thrift,
 We'll fend thro' life, ne'er fear ye.

Gin I had, &c.

A hafin being, man, thou art,
Without a fairer, better part,
To keep thy house and keep thy heart,
 To cherish and to cheer thee.

Gin I had, &c.

Tho' aften strait, and aiblins strife,
May mark the state o' man and wife,
They'll love—and that's the life o' life,
 Sae deeply and sae dearly.

Gin I had, &c.

YE HILLS OF THE HARP.



YE hills of the Harp, and ye valleys of song!
 I have sigh'd for so much—I have wept for so long,
 Must my woes and my wishes be ever in vain,
 Shall I never behold thee, dear Cymru, again?
 As the bird for the shore cast away o'er the sea,
 As the hart for the brook, pines my spirit for
 thee,

While I roam 'mid the race that have peopled
 the plain—

Shall I never behold thee—O! never again?

No more shall I list while thy shepherds unfold
 The tales of thy heroes and harpers of old,
 And wake 'mid thy mountains my Telyn's wild
 strain,

Where echo has answer'd again and again!

Though strangers now circle my once happy
 hearth,

Though wretched I roam to the ends of the earth,
 Life were sweet—did the hope of returning
 remain,

But return I shall never—O! never again!

FOUL FA' YE A', YE BACHELORS.



FOUL fa' ye a', ye bachelors,
 A murrain on ye ane and a' ;
 My malison on you and yours,
 To let the bonniest lass awa'
 That ever tripped in city ha',
 Or ever roamed o'er rural plain ;
 She's o'er the seas and far awa'—
 We'll never see her like again !

My blessings on her bonnie face,
 Her gentle mien and genial mind,
 And form sae rich o' ilka grace—
 She hasna left her like behind ;
 We'll seek to view, we'll search to find
 For ane to fill her place in vain ;
 Sae pure, sae comely, and sae kind—
 We'll never see her like again !

The first was she at banquet board
 For whom the wine wad freely pour;
 The first, to music's quivering chord,
 To lead the dance o'er festal floor,
 Where monie watched her movements o'er,
 Harmonious wi' the mirthful strain;
 But now she treads a foreign shore—
 We'll never see her like again!

What use are ye for, jauberin' Jock?
 Ye flirt and woo, but never wive;
 It's time to yield to Hymen's yoke,
 Thou decent youth of fifty-five;
 A by-word will ye be belyve,
 For years will wear and youth will wane;
 Ye never now may think to thrive,
 Ye'll never hae sic chance again.

Had I been young as I hae been,
 And could hae wooed and prospered well,
 Ye bachelors, ye should hae seen
 I'd haen this lassie to mysel;
 Ye mayna trow—I canna tell,
 How deep the passion and the pain
 I ha'e for her wha bore the bell,
 As nane may bear sae well again!

A SERENADE.



THOUGH sweet may thy slumbers
 And bright thy dreams be,
 Love wakens his numbers—
 List, maiden, to me ;
 'Tis the lay of no rover
 Thy slumbers would break,
 But the voice of thy lover —
 Awake thee—awake !

O come, 'tis the hour
 And none—sweet ! are nigh,
 Love breathes in thy bower
 The song and the sigh !
 O come while the night stars
 Are beaming above,
 Then brightest of bright stars
 Shalt thou shine—my love !

THE SPEY.



THE banks of Spey ! the banks of Spey !
There may be fairer banks than they,
And gayer bowers than their's may be,
But none, O none, so dear to me !
From Badenoch's braes to Gordon's grove,
Where'er its rapid waters rove,
By haugh so green or heugh so grey,
I love each spot beside the Spey.

A fairy lakelet is its source ;
By Cluny's cliffs it holds its course ;
Kinrara crowds its stalwart wood
To glass it in Spey's gleaming flood ;
Fast by the Doune now strays its stream—
Scene sweet as fancy's richest dream !—
And vale, where many a lilt and lay
Exalt the fame of fair Strathspey.

Roll on, brave river, in thy pride,
A Chieftain's bowers grace thy side—(12)
Wind slow where warriors sleep beneath
The Haughs of Cromdale's honoured heath.
Thy craigs, O may they never more
Flash forth alarm as oft of yore,
But blaze when tidings bid be gay
The homes and hearts throughout Strathspey!

What man dare stem, what might may stay,
Thy headlong speed, thou flooded Spey?
When from the cliffs of Cairngorm
Bursts down the deluge of the storm;
And the red waters, roused to wrath,
Spread wreck and peril in their path;
Let channelled haugh and clifted brae
Bear witness of the speats of Spey!

Broad Scotland's thousand fountains feed
No stream to match the Spey in speed;
Nor grander glories Scotland hath,
Of wood and wild, of steep and strath:
Nor Scotland's rocks return again
The echoes of a blither strain,
Than the loud pipe and viol play
Upon the banks of Highland Spey!

JESSIE.



My blessings upon thee—my bonnie young
lassie,

My blessings upon thee by night and by day !
May health, peace, and joy, be thy handmaids—
sweet Jessie,

And all whom thou lovest companion thy
way ;

To thee may this earth bloom as Eden-like
even,

As hope's fondest dreamings all beauty and
bliss,

O sweet be thy portion till welcomed in
Heaven,

The realm whose bright beings thou'rt like
to in this !

Thou art fair as the rose blushing new into
blossom,

And pure as the lily that peeps on the lea,
O! close maun the heart be and cauldribe the
bosom,

Where love kindles not in the light o' thy e'e.
The star burns the brighter as eve grows the
dimmer,

Sae lendest thou life's gloom a heavenly ray,
Yes! welcome and warm as the sunbeam o'
simmer,

Thou smil'st—and the tempest-cloud passes
away!

A LAY OF THE LANDMYRES.

AIR—"The Lang Sands o' Aberdeen."

FILL high the cup o' Bon-Accord,
 We'll drain the deepest, I'll be boun',
 At sic a time—at sic a board—
 In honour o' our ain Brave Town.
 This day, its monie marches roun',
 Ha'e rode the sons, as erst the sires,
 To watch and ward them safely down
 To coming days, the auld Landmyres.

The Hardgate wasna hard to gae
 In sic a cause and companie;
 On brown, and black, and goodly grey,
 We sat the saddle gallantlie.
 Wi' meikle pride and pleasantrie,
 Rode deacon douce, and bailie braw;
 And a' our burgher braverie,
 As ance they hurried to Harlaw.

We muster'd not to draw the dirk,
Nor marshall'd forth wi' sheathless sword :
We rode nae raid for king nor kirk—
Thro' muir and moss—thro' field and ford ;
Nae warlike cry—nae party word
Together brought our trusty band ;
But the Brave Town, and Bon-Accord,
And ancient limits o' its land.

Thou art the boast o' a' that bide
Within thy four bows—Aberdeen ;
Thou art thy county's place o' pride,
And a' " ayont the Mounth," I ween ;
Where science haunts the cloister'd scene,
And commerce crowds the wharfs and ways ;
Sae be it aye as it has been—
Increasing wi' increasing days !

Shall we sit mute and hae a mou',
Shall we be sour and hae a soul,
Nor drink for fear o' being fou',
When Bon-Accord has brimm'd the bowl?
Frae Tolla-hill to Tomintoul—
Frae Boddam to the braes o' Mar ;
Waeworth the means that, fair or foul,
Our guid auld gates wad us debar.

If not to us, to ours aft may

The future bring sic feasts o' bliss—

Each generation in its day,

For watch and ward like us in this.

And cursed be he, and cursed be his,

By stealth or strength o' arm acquires

The landmark that his neighbour's is,

Or moves the Brave Town's auld Landmyres! (13)

TO ARMS!



To arms! Sound the bugle to arms! [breath,
 Give the hoarse trumpet's brazen throat
 Ye Brave whom the fire of the patriot warms
 To fight the good fight to the death!
 Shall the slave's crippling fetters deform
 The limbs of the lovely and free?
 They may bleach in the blast—feed the wolf
 or the worm,
 But bend to no despot's decree!

With the speed of the tempest sweep on—
 Like the rain-swollen all-whelming flood,
 Preserve the proud rights by our forefathers won,
 Whose records are writ in their blood!
 Unscabbard your steel for the strife,
 And quit ye like heroes and fight, [knife,
 Let manhood for man's cause wage war to the
 Advance! and God prosper the right!

THE BELLE OF THE BALL.

CALEDONIAN COSTUME ASSEMBLY.

OH! woe to the time when, in Hanover Square,
 I footed the floor with the gay and the fair,
 For that evening of pleasure was ended in pain—
 I shall be mine own proper self never again;
 There, 'neath nodding of plume, and 'mid waving
 of plaid,

I mark'd 'mong the lovely the loveliest maid,
 By what fitter cognomen this nymph can I call
 Than the beauty of beauties—the Belle of
 the Ball!

She came on my view like an angel of light,
 A vision that ne'er will depart from my sight;
 For fondly for ever will memory trace
 The lines of that lovely and dear oval face—
 The shape like the sylphs that are rear'd in
 romance,

And the little feet true to the time of the dance,
 I may look on the like—but I don't think I shall—
 Of that beauty of beauties—the Belle of the Ball!

We met, and we smiled, and she spoke; then
mine ear

Drank deep of a music delicious and dear,
The thrilling tones charged with the magical art,
The *sesame* secret that opens the heart!

And my heart took like tinder the flame from
her eyes,

That is oiled by my tears, that is fann'd by
my sighs,

As I sat by her side there, the envied of all,
The beauty of beauties—the Belle of the Ball!

Hope was painting my future with heavenliest
hues,

When up came a six-foot-two blood of the Blues,
He bowed, and she blush'd, and her colours she
struck,

Then 'twas *up* with my love, and 'twas *down*
with my luck;

And Major Moustache did the *mode militaire*,
That “none but the brave” I found merit the
fair,

So cut *out* and cut *up*—I cut *off* from the hall,
And the beauty of beauties—the Belle of the
Ball!

FAREWHEEL! MY BLESSING WI'
YOU A'.



Air—"Guid night and joy be wi' you a'."

FAREWHEEL! my blessing wi' you a',
Baith for the present and the past,
Fareweel! my blessing wi' you a',
The best o' friends maun part at last;
Where'er my future lot be cast,
Whate'er my future life befa',
My heart will haud your friendships fast,
Fareweel!—my blessing wi' you a'!

If o'er the bowl wi' heated brain,
Did hasty word bad will beget,
I freely tak' it back again,
Let friends o' youth be friends aye yet;
May baith forgie—may baith forget
The things we never can reca',
And hope to meet as we hae met—
Fareweel! my blessing wi' you a'!

Adieu to them wha wish me weel,
Adieu to them wha wish me wrang !
O! these a kindlier change might feel,
Heard they my prayer—kent they my pang—
My peace be wi' them ere I gang,
Be wi' them when I'm far awa',
We'll a' be better friends ere lang—
Fareweel ! my blessing wi' you a' !

NOTES.



NOTE 1, PAGE 6.

Last ouk I heard you scrape at Skene.

At a late festivity in the Parish of Skene, Mr. Strachan, better known by the appellation of Drumnagarrow, made some most effective appeals to the feelings and the feet of his audience, and which did not fail to awaken enthusiastic expressions of delight in the evolutions of the dance.—Perhaps, after the benevolent object contemplated by the meeting (the erection of Schools in some destitute parts of the Parish), and the “bonnie lasses,” Drumnagarrow was the great attraction of the evening. He has enjoyed, for many years, a high fame throughout Aberdeenshire, as a performer of reels and strathspeys; and the writer of this has no hope that what he has penned will add to that fame, but a wish to attest what he saw and felt on the occasion alluded to above.

This Poem—if it may be dignified by such a title—having appeared in a northern newspaper, it was communicated to the Author that he had over-praised Drumnagarrow—and that there were others in as great repute and request in the country. With regard to

the former charge, it is very like to be true, as he has neither skill nor critical knowledge of the "gentle art," and he may be one of the many that praise when they are pleased, and are pleased they know not why. He questions not the truth of the latter assertion, that he (Drumnagarrow) has many equals in the country round about. He is happy to hear and believe that such is the case—and hopes, for the sake of our national tunes and taste, broad Scotland may have ever cause to exclaim, like the monarch of old, that she has "five hundred good as he!"

NOTE 2, PAGE 10.

Magnus Apollo o' Monquhitter.

JEFFREY the younger, whose father had some reputation as a piper, is still well remembered throughout the north-east district of Aberdeenshire—both for his excellence as a musician, and his amiable qualities as a man.

NOTE 3, PAGE 12.

Amid thy train blin' Willie Hogg.

WILLIE HOGG, for many years, held on the *tenor* of his way through the streets of Aberdeen, and was well known, and attended in his musical peregrinations. "Calder Fair," "the Miller o' Drone," "I'm a poor stranger and far from my home," "Hearts of Oak," &c., were wont to be his favourite ditties—and his entertainments were frequently vocal and instrumental. His voice and its violin accompaniment were guiltless of committing any harmonious combination—for they melodiously went note for note the same.

NOTE 4, PAGE 24.

*It's like the wall o' Spa, my rhyme
As got 'tis given.*

THE Wall or Well o' Spa is a fountain in Aberdeen, to which, from olden time, some peculiar and efficacious medicinal properties have been attributed. The structure of stone-work that encloses it was erected by the famous Painter, Jameson—called the Scottish Vandyke. Over one of the springs (for there are two), are graven this rhythmical distich, now nearly obliterated by time, and, I fear, ill-usage.

“As heaven gives me
So give I thee.”

NOTE 5, PAGE 31.

The bogle o' Banchory.

TOWARDS the close of the year 1838, the beautiful village and vicinity of Banchory Ternan were thrown into great excitement and alarm, by occurrences of a character as marvellous as they were mischievous.—At the Farm of B——, the circumstances narrated in these metrical epistles were reported to have happened, and obtained a wide and full belief among the superstitious that they were the effects of infernal influence. By the matter-of-fact class of folk, they were laid down to be the tricks of some evil-disposed wags, by phantasmagoria illusion, or galvanic action, exaggerated in their operations by the inexperience and credulity of simple rustic life. The Author is ignorant whether or not these mysteries have ever been solved, and, as he only acted as a reporter for the nonce, he has merely recorded all the rumours that reached him of this seemingly supernatural affair.

NOTE 6, PAGE 37.

Went to step or to stagger his way o'er the Cairn,

THE Cairn o' Mounth is one of the many and high hills of the Grampian family, that divide Mar from the Mearns—over which passes a road close by a cairn at the very top—from which it is to be presumed has come the name.

NOTE 7, PAGE 42.

Engineered with a gentle slope—quite perpendicular.

As this may be the only new idea in this piece, perhaps in the whole book, the Author cannot lay claim to the discovery of this variation of the plummet, if he may so phrase it. The merit, he has been given to understand, belongs to the original genius of a northern geometrician of the last century.

NOTE 8, PAGE 184.

Long life and a wife to the Laird o' M' Nab.

THE Laird o' M' Nab having appeared in the May Number of the Monthly Magazine, 1835, it was thought by some to be an attempt to delineate the personal *traits* and accomplishments of the veritable Chief of that Ilk. The writer deems it necessary to state in this note that he has not the honour of knowing, nor has had the happiness of ever seeing, that illustrious individual. This lay is in laud of a very

worthy personage of a much lower degree in station, who rejoiced in the *soubriquet* of "the Laird o' M'Nab" among his friends in London—and one who was prone to vaunt, and not without cause, of the Herculean proportions of his mortal frame, and of the sights he had seen, such as other men never saw! The Writer is grieved to add that the wishes expressed in the text of this note were never gratified, and laments, with M'Nab's many and attached friends, his untimely death in the Chinese seas—in which he perished on his passage to Canton.

NOTE 9, PAGE 187.

The braw "braif town" o' Bon-Accord!

BON-ACCORD is the motto of Aberdeen, whose citizens consider it to have been granted to, or adopted by, their ancestors at a very remote period, for a certain heroic achievement. Various annalists of this city—and they have not been few—have agreed in its origin, and antiquity, save a recent Writer, who, with a severer research, hath not only involved this flattering fact in much doubt, but hesitates not to give it a flat denial. The patriotism of the present day in Aberdeen is not likely to be very grateful for the Author's assiduity in undoing the proud and pleasing reflection of its city's anciently acknowledged prowess; but it must console itself with the suggestion that he may have been less actuated by the *amor patriæ* than the philosophical stoicism that would escape the charge of Dr. Johnson, that a Scotsman must be a sturdy moralist—if he love truth better than Scotland.

But perhaps the best comfort to be derived is from this—and it is to be hoped that the Author of the Book of Bon-Accord will not gainsay it—that if

there be mottoes more ancient than what is in the Escroll of the Aberdeen Arms, there is none more amiable in its meaning: and all who are animated by the love of country or the love of truth will embrace the sentiment that countless ages to come may invest it with the hoary halo of added antiquity, and that Bon-Accord may ever influence the spirit, and characterise the conduct and actions, of the Brave Town.

NOTE 10, PAGE 194.

Scotland for ever!

AMONG the many incidents of the battle of Waterloo, there is one recorded of a Highland regiment, whose ranks had added sadly to the carnage of that great and eventful conflict, being sorely beset by a superior force, the Scots Greys rode to their aid, and, in hewing their way through the opposing host, the kindred bands cheered each other with the triumphal shout of "Scotland for ever!"

NOTE 11, PAGE 206.

St. Andrew's Day.

SAINTS seem to have the fate of Prophets—but little or no honour in their own country. St. Andrew's Day is much observed by Scotsmen out of their own land—and particularly so in London, and in America. The principal festival of that ancient and excellent Corporation, the Scottish Hospital, in the Metropolis, is held on this day, and is generally well attended by Scotsmen, and the benevolent natives of other countries. A worthy Alderman, well known for

his strict attendance to his magisterial duties, a few years ago, when he was Lord Mayor, presided in the absence of the late Duke of Gordon, and paid a compliment to his countrymen, whose names were in the book of Subscribers to this charity, by terming the printed list a good Scotch Directory—at least, he added, all Scotsmen worth enquiring for were recorded in it.

The last verse of this song alludes to the festival of that body, and the objects contemplated by their national and convivial meetings.

NOTE 12, PAGE 270.

*Roll on, brave river, in thy pride,
A Chieftain's bowers grace thy side.*

THE Spey is accounted to be the most rapid river in Scotland. A reviewer of Sir Thomas Dick Lauder's work, upon the floods of August, 1829, very pithily and poetically likens the Spey in a speat to the serpent that stopped the march of the Roman army. The Chieftain's bowers alluded to in the text are the woods that encircle Castle Grant, the seat of the Earl of Seafield, longer and better known as the house of the Laird of Grant, the Chief of that ancient name. At the head of Strathspey there is a large cliff, called Craigellachie, signifying "the Rock of Alarm," and the name of which is the war-cry of the Grants; at the lower end of Strathspey is a lesser, but still a remarkable, rock, bearing the same title. The first is named the upper, and the second the lower, Craigellachie; and, in feudal times, the beacons blazing on these two craigs were hailed by the Grants, as a sign and a summons to muster and meet their armed kinsmen at the hall of their Chief.

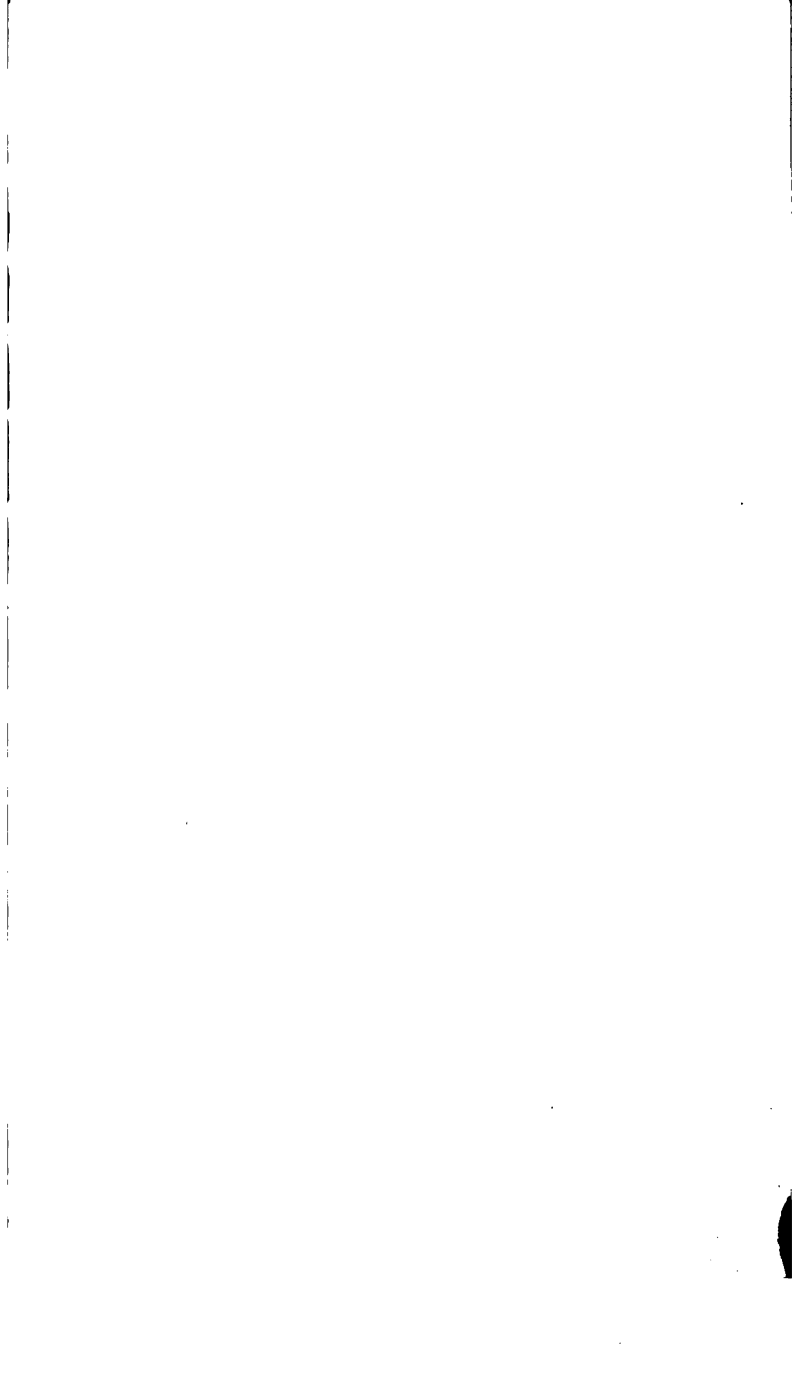
NOTE 13, PAGE 275.

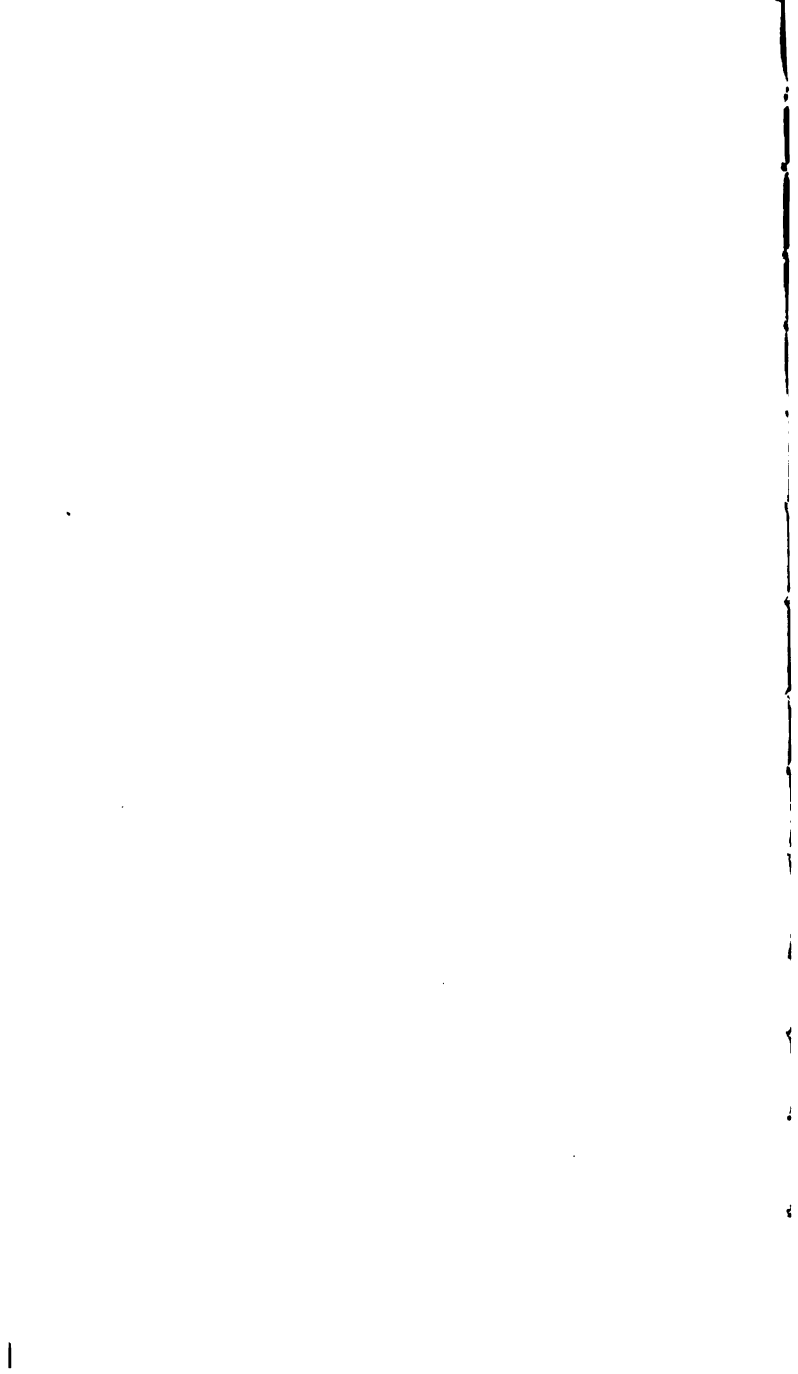
The lay o' the Landmyres.

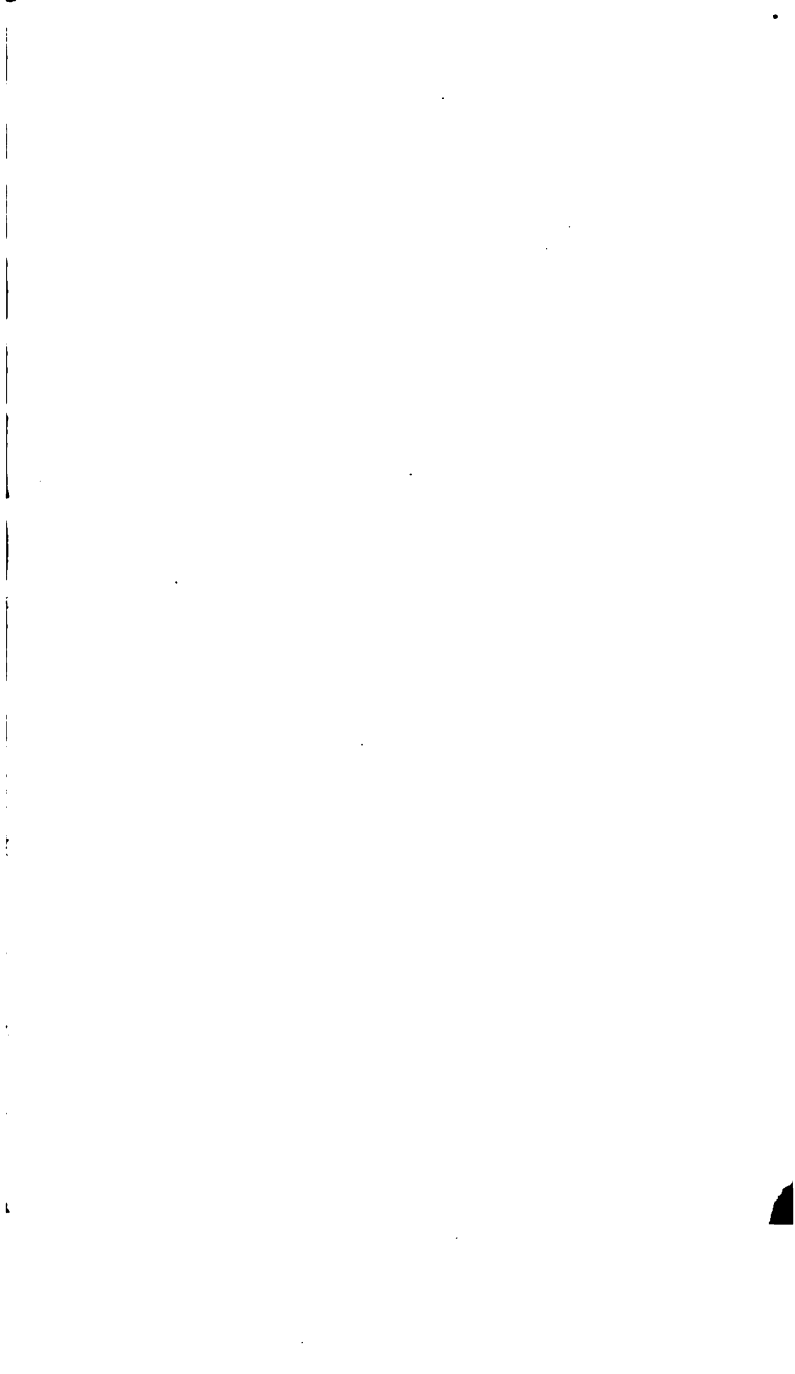
At an early hour on the 7th of August, 1840, the good citizens of Aberdeen having mustered in great numbers, and, with some exceptions, in the equestrian order, at the call of their chief magistrate, proceeded, in accordance with an ancient custom, to ride the Landmyres, or Marches of the city. Much merriment and good humour marked their route, which occupied the whole day, as the course they had to take extends about 35 miles. After the fatigues which even a day of pleasure will incur, the gallant guardians of the common weal dined together. The jostlings and the jokes, that made smooth the roughest roads—the banter given and taken in good part—the elegance of equestrianism displayed—the interesting ceremony of *douping*, and other incidents with which their progress was pregnant—are they not written in the four Books of the Chronicles of the Brave Town?—"Braif," or "Brave Town," is an appellation of a very ancient and just application to the city of Aberdeen.

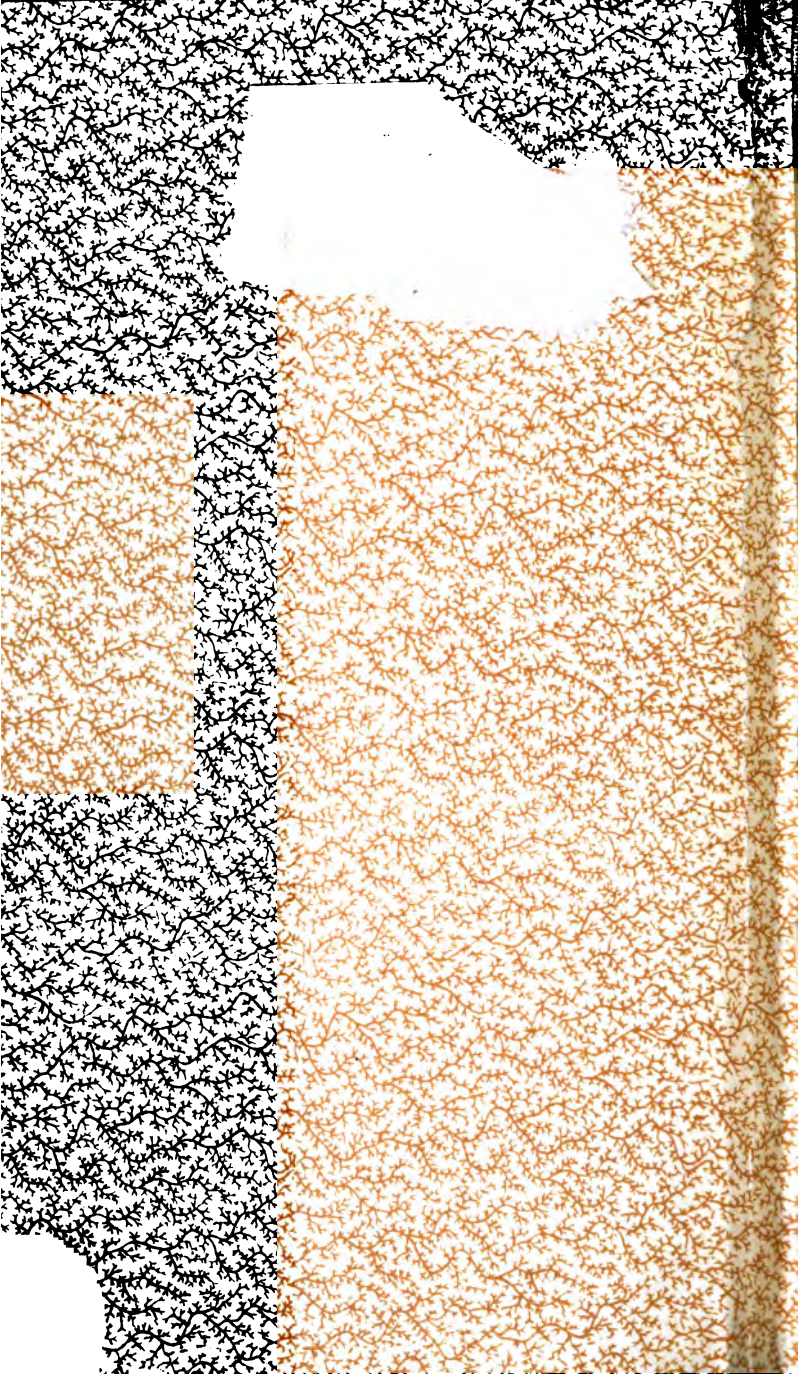
THE END.

B. BENSLEY, PRINTER, WOKING.









SECRET

